BRITISH MUSEUM

No. 309564

JOHN BULL

Vol. IX. No. 228 | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1910. | ONE PENNY.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

For meaning of this No. see Page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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LOOK OUT FOR MRS. BULL ON OCTOBER 29TH.

R

SECONDHAND FURNITURE.

IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE.

THE NEWMAN and OXFORD STREET FURNITURE & ANTIQUE DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.),

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The BED-ROOM FURNITURE comprises: Iron bedsteads from 9 s. black and brass bedsteads from 10s.; full-size black and brass bedstead 11s.; 4ft. 6in. oak bedstead, with wire mattress, 30s.; 5 oak bedsteads, 14s. 6d.; very fine pair brass twin bedsteads, £6 10s.; large-size mahogany bedstead, inlaid, with wire mattress, £3 10s.; all-brass bedstead, full size, £2 7s. 6d.; pair mahogany twin bedsteads, fitted with wire mattresses, £2 19s. 6d.; pair all-brass Italian bedsteads, £6 10s.; a square-tube all-brass Italian bedstead, £8 8s.; and several others up to 20 guineas; several white-enamelled bed-room suites, from £4 5s.; oak bed-room suites, £5 10s.; three solid oak bed-room suites, with side cheval glasses to dressing-table, £5 5s. each; satin-walnut bed-room suite, with cheval wings to dressing-table, £6 10s.; a walnut bed-room suite, £7 5s.; an inlaid Sheraton-design bed-room suite, £7 10s.; a similar suite, £10 10s.; 4ft. 6in. inlaid Sheraton-design bed-room suite, £11 11s.; 5 ft. inlaid Sheraton-design bed-room suite, £18 18s.; 5ft. mahogany bed-room suite, £19 19s.; 6ft. Sheraton-design bed-room suite, 24 guineas; 6ft. mahogany bed-room suite, 27 guineas; 7ft. inlaid suite, 40 guineas; 7ft. Louis bed-room suite, most exquisite design, 80 guineas; inlaid Sheraton-design chests, from £2 2s. each.

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NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL, Oct. 15, 1910

I hereby certify that

the JUNON Hair Tonic and JUNON Hair Stains are absolutely free from injurious ingredients. They do not contain any substance of an inflammable or corrosive nature. JUNON Hair Tonic has undoubtedly a beneficial effect on the hair and hair-roots, and the JUNON Hair Stains produce permanent and highly-satisfactory results.

J. C. MASCARENHAS, Ph.D., F.C.S., K.S.B., Analytical Consulting Chemist, 27-28, King William St., E.C. *June, 1910*

World-wide appreciation proves the value of

JUNON

Hair Tonic

Restores gloss and brilliancy—stops hair falling—nourishes and strengthens the roots—removes dandruff—positively makes the hair grow—is a beneficial and pleasant dressing for daily use.

post **1/- & 2/6** free

Two kinds: Greasy for dry and brittle hair; Non-greasy for greasy hair.

Carefully packed

JUNON Hair Tonic may be used in conjunction with the JUNON Hair Stains; as, while it will quickly restore strength and vigour to the hair, it will not injure the effect of the stains in any way.

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Hair Stain

This is the only permanent and really satisfactory one-solution hair stain—absolutely harmless—perfectly natural tints—easily applied in one operation—defies detection—does not stain the skin.

post **1/- & 2/9** free

Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut. Gold n, Light Golden.

In plain package.

If you wish to restore your grey or faded hairs to their natural colour, send us a clipping of your hair where it is not yet grey or faded—and we will match the stain exactly to it.

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JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. IX. No. 228. Saturday, October 15th, 1910. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.

All editorial enquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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On WEDNESDAY EVENING, October 19th, at 8.30 (for 21 performances only). THE TOYMAKER OF NUREMBERG.

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PUBLIC MEETINGS

will be held in

GROVE LANE COUNCIL SCHOOL, HANDSWORTH,
TO-MORROW (FRIDAY), OCTOBER 14th,

and in

HIGHFIELD ROAD SCHOOL, SALTLEY,
MONDAY, OCTOBER 17th.

At each meeting the doors will open at 7.15 and the proceedings will commence at 7.30.

High-class vocal and instrumental music by leading local Artistes.
ADMISSION FREE.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The speech of Mr. Balfour was not exactly a clarion call to arms. It will give an impetus to the agitation for more active and vigorous leadership. Yet, leading the country is one thing, and leading a Party in Parliament is quite another. Mr. Balfour is an ideal House of Commons' man—given the present Party system. That system, however, is doomed. Every speech of every Party leader brings it nearer to its grave. The scales have fallen from the public eyes, and they see, at last, the hollowness of the game.

We observe, with a smile, that Mr. Balfour wishes to see Socialists in the House; we shall watch with interest for a letter of recommendation from him to one of their candidates at the next election.

"F. E." and his friends were a bit premature in declaring for payment of Members. Their leader thinks it would lower the tone of the House. Quite so—unless, of course, the Member happens to be a Minister. Then you may occasionally increase his pay.

Dr. Macnamara says that Mr. Lloyd George will rank with Gladstone, Bright and Cobden—*because of the Labour Exchanges.* Anyone heard of the Budget lately?

"The Duke" is about to sail for South Africa to attend the opening of the Union Parliament. Everybody will wish His Royal Highness a good time; but is it wise that in the goodness of his heart he should have consented to go north to boom, on behalf of the British South Africa Company, the territory filched from poor old Lo Ben Guela? The country is never healthy in the Zambesi valley, and about the time the Duke arrives, he will have a fine chance of picking up malarial fever or any of the many other diseases induced by the climate and the amazing variety of noxious flying and creeping things with which the country abounds. We cannot afford to lose the Duke of Connaught—at any rate, advertising Charterland is not worth the risk.

And why is His Royal Highness to have the *Balmoral Castle* for his little jaunt? The battle-ship *Renown* has already been deprived of her fighting qualities for a similar purpose, and it seems, to say the least, wasteful to convert a first line battleship into a yacht at a great cost of money, and then lay her up. The money spent on transforming the *Balmoral Castle* would probably pay for building several destroyers. Oh! for that Business Admiralty!

We notice that Mr. Wedgwood, M.P., is advertising that he "will be glad to help any of his constituents who have difficulty in filling up the Land Returns." All this is kindly and well meant, but inasmuch as Mr. Wedgwood was one of the chief champions of the Land Taxes, we are afraid his opponents may hoist him with this particular petard.

In some ways, the Young Tories remind us of the Young Turks. When you think of it, there is certainly a parallel between Arthur and Abdul. Each has been remarkable for his aloofness: sitting in the seclusion of a palace, directing affairs on second-hand information, utterly indifferent to public opinion, exacting abject servitude by divine right; the only marvel is that either reigned so long. When A. B. is exiled to the Scottish equivalent for Salonica, historians will begin futile disputations with philosophers about the methods which enabled him to maintain unstable equilibrium. At any rate, it will be no hardship to A. B. to be deprived of newspapers, as A. H. was.

Can't anything be done to hinder the wholesale deportation of our unfortunate Indian fellow-subjects from South Africa? At least they are not much blacker than the Boers, and they are twice as useful.

It appears that provision already exists for the payment of Members. All we have to do is to induce the Lord Chancellor to issue a writ *de expensis burgensium levandis.* So there's an end to the Osborne trouble.

Every Woman's Mind is Full of the Coming MRS. BULL.

What liars some of these Salvationists are! The other day we referred to the extraordinary story told by a Salvationist of an imaginary interview between an envoy from the Army and our unworthy selves. Now comes another. Let us give it without abbreviation, as it reaches us:—

> On Sunday evening last at the usual open-air Band performance of the Congress Hall Salvation Army Band, Brigadier Aspinall, Chaplain to the Whitechapel Social Wing, made it his business (having a large crowd round) to say that they were progressing very well, despite Mr. Bottomley's lame attacks and he mentioned that they had in their Shelter at Blackfriars one of Mr. Bottomley's late political chairmen. (Of course the crowd grew interested.) He said that this party had told him that he considered it an honour at one time to preside for Mr. Bottomley, but regretted it now. Of course, the impression conveyed to the crowd was that the party mentioned was a South Hackney man. I asked the Brigadier for the name—he could not give same, but promised to post on to me. I enclose herewith his letter.
>
> The Salvation Army.
> 29th September, 1910.
> Chaplain's Department.
>
> Sir,—With reference to our conversation on Sunday night, the person I referred to took the chair at a Political Meeting in Cornwall 30 years ago, when Mr. Bottomley addressed the meeting.
>
> The person mentioned was visiting friends at the time, and to oblige the friends he presided at this meeting. Frank Aspinall, Brigadier.

Apart from the fact that "thirty years ago" our Editor was a youth of twenty, we may observe that he has never addressed a meeting in Cornwall in his life!

From the Amalgamated Press, Limited, the famous factory of the Northcliffe weeklies, Mr. Hamilton Edwards is sending a type-written appeal for funds in aid of a London Newsboys' Club, of which the trustees are Earl Winterton, Sir Edmund Fremantle, and himself. The idea of a club for the newsboy is excellent. It will provide him with dining, reading, recreation, and billiard rooms. But Mr. Edwards is by no means happy in his fervour. He describes his *protégés* as being engaged in the sale of newspapers, "the lowest, most unhappy, and demoralising form of boy labour"; which is rough on some of his friends. Only adults sell John Bull!

Then Mr. Edwards goes on to say, "You have seen him yourself in the streets . . . a poor little half-starved wastrel, already in his glance the cunning of the potential criminal, familiarised from the hour of his birth with all the sordid, degrading, and damning ways of the submerged, flung into the streets to battle for himself," so that "destiny veritably drives him to swell the ranks of the hooligan, the wastrel, and the criminal classes." After this, it seems about time that the London newsboy bobbed up to ask his benefactor whether he is aware who he is a-insultin' of. Potential criminal, forsooth! He is no more a potential criminal that he is a potential Prime Minister or a potential director of the Amalgamated Press!

On a first offence of poaching, the Newmarket magistrates have sentenced an Isleham man to a month in gaol without the option of a fine. In a properly-constituted state of society *they* would get a month in gaol for so outrageous a decision.

In personally visiting the prisons and investigating their administration, on the spot, Mr. Churchill sets an example of how, under a Business Government, every Minister would be expected to run his Department.

No reader of John Bull can have been unprepared for the turn of events in Portugal. Soon, perhaps, we may also have to congratulate ourselves on our prescience with regard to Spain, where similar conditions obtain: a half-witted King and an old dynasty in exile; a clerical party clamouring for persecution and Republicans well organised for emancipation; a long period of corruption and degeneration to be retrieved.

Don Alfonso's latest exploit is to climb the pedestal of a group of statuary at La Granja and have himself photographed there, with a sheepish grin like that of a silly schoolboy who is showing off before grown-up people. A man like a lunatic's keeper is standing at the base with a look of contempt on his face. What a fine, daring, irresponsible youngster Don Alfonso is, to be sure! This display fitly follows the monkey-trick of trying on ladies' hats, to amuse a party of street-loafers. No wonder the *Daily Mirror* calls him "versatile," but it was unkind to point out that he plays golf and tennis "not well but enthusiastically." The days are certainly far distant when it was thought worth while to "singe the King of Spain's beard."

Coroners seem to be afflicted with a particularly crass kind of stupidity. One of them recently observed, quite apropos of nothing:—

> I have heard Mr. Bernard Shaw say, after looking round a room, that we were all mad—that he saw signs of it.

Now granting that B. Shaw is all that his friends claim for him, recital in Court of his dicta, as though they had the faintest bearing upon current events, is an outrage and a mockery. Another coroner allowed a Christian Scientist witness to be called "fool," "murderer," "blasphemer," and "swindler" by jurymen while giving his evidence. We say nothing, one way or the other, about the appropriateness of these epithets, but we submit that, if a witness is called at all, he should be protected from intimidation. Even real rogues and murderers are allowed to give evidence without volleys of interruptions. The whole system of coroners' inquests is antiquated, useless and dangerous.

Everybody has been talking about the boiler-makers lately, but dear old *Punch* seems to remain a bit foggy on the subject. He has been printing a cartoon depicting a man standing on the top of a boiler and is evidently quite ignorant of the fact that the locked-out "boiler-makers" did not make boilers, but concerned themselves with rivets and plates in shipbuilding. Then *Punch's* boiler was only about 6 ft. across, scarcely enough to satisfy a washerwoman. And we should like to know why *Punch's* "boiler-maker" dropped tools which belong to an engineer, why he was depicted with a joiner's or carpenter's "bass," why he made his boiler in the open air, and how the trade union official obtained access to the shop? *Punch* must have his "little" joke, but he ought to furnish us with a substratum of fact.

If Mr. R. A. Sanders, M.P., is to be credited, the true policy of the Unionist Party is to repeal the land taxes, dismiss the valuers, and destroy every shred of paper connected with Form IV. We fear the hon. member will not live long enough to see his Party do it. It, too, has to make Budgets.

Statistics are usually tedious and unconvincing, but we are interested by the discovery of a Swiss scientist. It appears that the average age of a drunkard is 53, of an immoderate drinker 57, and of a moderate drinker 63, whereas a teetotaler reaches only 50, with difficulty. So Paul did not give Timothy such bad advice after all!

Every Maiden Longs to See Our New Paper, MRS. B.

The police recently imported into the Alexandra Docks at Newport have certainly had a good time, if some of the teetotal members of the local Trades Council are to be credited. One of them says the beer supplied by the Corporation cost £53, which, even at 2d. a pint, works out at 6,360 pints, while another of them says a friend and himself had "worked out the quantity, and it averaged a gallon and a quart per man per day." Undoubtedly, it is unusual for policemen to be supplied with ale while on duty (especially at the expense of the ratepayers); and it should be added that a Metropolitan police officer would never dream of drinking such a quantity. His motto is "Moderation, with Caution."

Again the Union Jack has been the subject of attack, this time by a man named Gee, said to be a Socialist Parliamentary candidate for Ashton-under-Lyne. In a speech the other day he described it as the vilest flag which has ever flown over a capitalist country, adding that "wherever it has been hoisted it has been the means of degrading the race and placing the people in a state of bondage." If Gee were a normal specimen of the race, we should be inclined to accept him as an example of British degradation. But Gee is not normal; and, anyhow, if Gee cannot make himself comfy under the Union Jack, he had better clear out and try some other which he fancies. Gee is the sort of Englishman England can very easily spare.

Who is Mr. H. V. Haslam, Newcastle-on-Tyne? The reason we ask is that this gentleman complains that he has received 18 separate forms of Government Return under the Finance Act, for nine houses let in flats at Wallsend. "These," he says, "are the first instalments of thousands I shall receive later when sent out for Newcastle and Gateshead." At the least, Mr. Haslam must be a millionaire, and if we were in his boots we should get somebody to quietly fill up the forms. It must be sufficiently disturbing to him to know it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom, without permitting Mr. Lloyd George and the Revenue collectors to come between him and his sleep.

One of those strange, sudden crazes which appear and disappear at intervals, is threatening to take hold of the British public. This time it is associated with the name and books of Charles Dickens. His son is going to stump the country with lectures and readings; someone is issuing a "testimonial stamp," which is to be sold at a penny, for the benefit of Dickens' offspring; and in 1912 we are to have centenary celebrations, perhaps even a pageant! Jim Crow has already begun to sharpen his pencil.

We were the first to announce the impending resignation of Isvolski, the Russian Foreign Minister. If you see it in JOHN BULL . . . .

We are glad, by the way, that Isvolski is to be succeeded by Sazanov, as there was a danger that Charikov might be the new Minister. It will be remembered that he helped to organise the butchery at Belgrade.

Some Chinese visitors have been inspecting Wormwood Scrubbs and declaring that our prisoners are too happy. No doubt hard labour appears almost heavenly when compared with Celestial tortures, but our breath is almost taken away by the ingenuous enquiry, "Do your criminals stop being bad because you are so good to them?" This is really too childlike and bland, and the ingenuity of Mr. Churchill would be required to provide a satisfactory answer.

The following—the "battle song" of the anti-Roosevelts—is too good to be lost:—

I am so weary of Teddy,
Teddy, the statesman on wheels;
Tired, and my poor brain already
Under the incubus reels;
Tired of the cowboys that raced him,
Tired of the lions that chased him—
Oh, I can smell him and taste him
When I sit down to my meals.

Evidently the Yankees have not lost all vestiges of a sense of humour, after all.

Messrs. David Brown and Son, printers and stationers, High Street, Kinross, recently issued an advertisement. A few days afterwards, one of the applicants received a reply from the firm. It appears that the work consists mostly of bill-posting and delivering handbills. "A lot of the former is country work, and it is occasionally necessary to walk as much as 20 miles in a day," was the warning of the firm. When not engaged at above, the applicant was expected to work in the printing office, clean rollers, deliver parcels, and so forth. "These are the principal jobs," it is explained, "but it must be understood you are to do any other odd job required. For instance, 3 or 4 times a year you would have to carry in coal, either to shop or house (5 or 6 tons)." The salary offered was 7s. a week and a house, valued at 2s. a week. "The house referred to is only one room," and Messrs. David Brown and Son "prefer an unmarried man or a widower, who would live alone and cook his own meals." "It is hardly expected," they continue, "that the applicant will be able to live on 7s. a week, although the last man we had did it for about three years," but if he cared to try his hand at hawking to fill in his time, Messrs. Brown and Son would—but that's about enough. Applicants now know what to expect.

A correspondent calls our attention to the nuisance and inconvenience occasioned by the stupid way in which the grass plots are enclosed on Clapham Common. He states that people have to walk round and round the paths before they find an entrance through the open rails, and when they do get inside and make their way across, they find that there is no outlet, so that they have either to walk back again or climb over the rails to get out, which is very awkward for women and children. "Not only does this involve undesirable, and often unpicturesque, exhibitions of lingerie," we are told, "but for those untrained to acrobatic feats it is somewhat dangerous." Our correspondent cannot for the life of him "understand why the County Council do not increase the means of entrance and egress." Nor can we. Can anybody else? Perhaps Mr. Burns will take a stroll round one morning.

The National Canine Defence League offer a reward of £2 10s. for information which will lead to the conviction of the brute who cut out the tongue of an Irish terrier in Foxon Lane, Caterham, Surrey. That such things should be done would be unthinkable if one did not know of the existence of inhuman bipeds to whom callous cruelty to dumb animals is almost a second nature. It will be a credit to the police of Caterham if they take a little pains to discover the miscreant. When found, why not "let the punishment fit the crime"?

The sixpenny JOHN BULL, yclept *Truth*, makes a useful protest against the Bombay regulation that our soldiers and their families must not be served with liquor on licensed premises. As their native servants can get what they want, this is, to say the least, a bit thick. Oddly enough, the same insult has not been offered to sailors, and we presume that officers can still buy pegs in the restaurants and bars of Bombay.

Would you have a peaceful life? MRS. BULL will please the Wife

To hear a respectable city man, well dressed and with every appearance of enjoying life, singing, without turning a hair:

O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here,

or Weary of earth and laden with my sin,
I look to heaven and long to enter in,

is to realise how utterly unreal a good deal of our religious profession is. Happily, this sort of "piety" is fast dying out, and the hymns, not less than the sermons, of to-day inculcate a more healthy theory of life.

All journalists throughout the world ought to join in a protest against the assassination (not even judicial) of Ahmed Samim Bey by the Young Turks. He was a young man of 26, a writer of talent, editor of a Constantinople paper called *Sada Millet*. His attacks on the Committee of Union and Progress were never violent, indeed always courteous. He contented himself with denouncing what he regarded as unpatriotic actions. He received a number of letters warning him to desist, but he went on his way, calm and undismayed. Then one night he was shot in the street and the police facilitated the escape of his murderer. If there was any doubt that this crime was engineered by the Young Turk leaders, we have the evidence of Cherif Pasha, who tells us that when he presided over the Committee of Union and Progress, proposals for assassination were of frequent occurrence. Let the Young Turks prate no more of the liberty of the Press.

The kill-joys of New Zealand are on the war-path with a great campaign against betting. Licensed bookmakers and totalisators have made betting so attractive out there, that it is proposed to replace them by welshers and surreptitious speculators. We suppose the idea is that, if the public must bet, as indeed they always will, care should be taken to prevent their winning. In a similar spirit, the French authorities allow at watering-places a ball game with 25 per cent. in favour of the bank, but forbid roulette which mulcts the punter to the tune of about 1½ per cent. only.

Our Special Correspondent writes:—Too much attention has been directed to the Greek general election. No doubt it is designed to settle a grave constitutional crisis, but as votes are openly bought and sold, as Governments always employ coercion and falsification, the result need not be taken seriously. At the same time, a Greek election is as good as a play, and it may well have amused Mr. Winston Churchill, who was spending his holiday there (in spite of the murmurs of the *Westminster Gazette*). He will have seen the throngs of voters in the churches, smoking and brawling, and wearing their hats. He will also have smiled over the wild excitement of the street demonstrators, who treat a comic episode very seriously. In spite of corruption and the futility of everything, all the Greeks—men, women and children—are vehement party politicians. The result has naturally been chaos, and we shall probably soon see Greece eaten up by Young Turks, if they can embezzle enough money for a war. Certes, it was a proof of Byron's madness that he gave his life for this kingdom of highwaymen and cheats. As Mr. Labouchere once summed up the situation: "Greece is inhabited by 'Greeks.'"

Hurrah for the Midland Railway! They recently informed a friend of ours that a block of ice had arrived at a station and would be sold at the expiration of six months. It would be good fun to leave it for five months and then claim damages if it has not been kept in good condition. We wonder whether the same intimation would be sent out in respect of a basket of fish. Oh! for business railway companies.

And hey for a business Metropolitan Water Board! Another friend of ours sent a postal order, which was ten days out of date. He then received a letter from the district revenue officer asking for another in its place. Surely it would have been simpler to submit to the loss of 1d. for poundage and debit the next account. A private tradesman would have done this instead of spending a penny in applying for the copper.

For examples of cool cheek and brazen attempts to obtain something for nothing, or next to nothing, commend us to the advertisement columns of the *Church Times*. The following, culled from a recent issue, will take some beating:—

> Wanted, by a young lady, to live in a clergyman's family. Willing to Help lady with household affairs, or children and parish work. Small salary required.

Willing to help! Especially as a small salary is required. What other justification would the fair advertiser have for intruding her society upon a clergyman's family?

We are not enamoured of the bludgeon for enforcing political arguments, but if it was ever excusable we can understand its application to Healyism. After the long secular struggles for Irish emancipation, it must be rather hard to find an Irishman doing his utmost to retard the triumph which is at last in sight.

We have pointed out that General Elections always coincide with great vintage years. As there is to be a wine famine in 1910, it follows that Mr. Asquith will not go to the country. But we expected better things from the vines after the comet, which usually heralds a record harvest of the grape.

The French are exhibiting a canny wisdom in their hesitation to go on financing the Young Turks. New loans to make good previous extravagance are not precisely enticing to the ordinary investor, and the French may well be disgusted to find their savings spent on armaments which are made in Germany. We shall not be surprised if there is a fine catastrophe at Constantinople before long.

Connected with St. Paul's Church, Portman Square, London, is St. Paul's hostel. It was founded by the vicar, the Rev. Stuart Holden, by means of public subscriptions, and is apparently run by him. In no sense is it a charitable or philanthropic institution; it serves the combined purpose of home and club for girls who earn their living in the business life of London, and who can afford to pay for the accommodation. This said, we take leave to ask the vicar a question. Is it true that a young woman, paying 23s. a week for lodging and partial board, has received notice to leave because she does not find it convenient to attend prayers every morning at 7.55 a.m.?

Though Bailie Ferguson, of Motherwell, is very hot on Roman Catholic bookmakers, let us give him his due—he is very mild on wife-beaters. In one case, a man, who had been previously convicted, was proved to have knocked down his wife and kicked her; the Bailie let him off on approval. In another, a man beat his wife on the face with a leather belt; the Bailie let him off also. Is there a bee in his bonnet?

Preaching recently at the Manchester Cathedral, Bishop Welldon denied that it was the province of the Church to make any special effort on behalf of "unemployed men and women," adding "that was the business of the civic authorities." We do not like to enter into anything in the nature of theological controversy—especially with a Bishop—but, will his lordship favour us with Scriptural authority for his doctrine?

What a Paper it will it be!—"Wait" Till Tuesday week and "See."

Unless we are mistaken, we recently told Mr. de Grey, the Stipendiary, to get off the Bench. He must hurry up. We notice the evidence against a man before him for ill-treating a dog was that he "came up with a carpenter's saw and began sawing the animal's back as it lay peacefully on the footway. He worked the saw to and fro as if sawing a piece of wood. He cut it nearly down to the bone; the dog jumped up in agony and made an attempt to go for the defendant, who then dug the saw in its chest." We should not have made the smallest objection if he had given this brute three months' hard, but being a magistrate of more than ordinary peculiarities, Mr. de Grey naturally let him off for 40s. and costs. Now let us put this to the magistrate: Supposing he were awakened in his sleep by somebody sawing through his back as if he were a lump of wood, wouldn't he think the man was being paid under the union rates at forty shillings and costs? We must ask the Lord Chancellor to mark his sense of Mr. de Grey's services by conferring on him the G.O.B.—commonly known as the General Order of the Boot.

In a recent issue we published the complaint of a Tipton correspondent, to the effect that "young Liberals are prevented from joining the gymnasium there." This has brought down upon us a friendly retort from our honourable and Empire-building friend, Norton Griffiths, M.P.—the force of which we cannot resist. Says Mr. Griffiths, "The gymnasium referred to is situated at the Tipton Conservative and Unionist Club. The equipment was presented by a friend of mine to the Club for the use of its members and of the members of the local branch of the Junior Imperial League, which, as you are doubtless aware, is a Party organisation. Under the circumstances, therefore, young Liberals can have no legitimate grievance, except it be against the older Liberals for not establishing a gymnasium." But what about the young Socialists?

In these days of militarism, it is interesting to note that the Portuguese revolution was carried out almost exclusively by civilians. After this, no military tyranny will feel safe. Not even the Young Turks.

Queen Maria Pia will no longer be able to plead Royal privilege when her tradesmen send in their bills. She will now probably live with her Italian relatives—until the Italian revolution comes along.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

He had been found guilty by the jury, and had been sentenced to "seven years." "My Lord," he said, "take pity on me. I am a consumptive and cannot possibly live more than twelve months." "In that case," replied the Judge, "the Court will take a more lenient view and simply send you to prison for the term of your natural life."

COLLAPSE OF THE CONFERENCE.

NO HOPE OF AGREEMENT.

We are in a position to state that for all practical purposes the Conference on the Constitutional question has collapsed; and an official intimation to this effect may be expected at any moment. The Government were prepared to accept a compromise on the relations between the two Houses, subject to securing the Lords' assent to a measure of modified Home Rule for Ireland, and to one or two other Liberal demands; but despite all persuasions and influences, the Conservatives could not be brought into line; and so we shall shortly return to the *status quo ante*, with an early General Election.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICES.

AGE.—Biscuits are not given to general servants "2 to 22," or to veterans of 8 years of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.

PATENT MEDICINES.—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public to get "the same pills as Mr. Robinson had."

BRIDEGROOMS.—No more wedding cake for these harmless, necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose vieux, trimmed with glace, with hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all.

MARRIAGES IN THE DEATHS' COLUMN.—No biscuits for these. They are often the grave of love.

LODGERS.—No biscuits for widows who want young men to share room. Most of them do.

For announcing: "Handsome stud of educated ponies; INCLUDING *donkeys, monkeys, dogs and comical clowns,"*

BOSWELL'S ROYAL CIRCUS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Robert Kemp . . . died at Dartmouth yesterday at the age of 67. He AFTERWARDS *acted as boatswain to the 'Britannia,'"*

THE TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following: "Man Wants Work; anything; ALSO WIFE,"

AN ADVERTISER IN THE *SOUTHEND STANDARD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the BOY *of a child was thrown from a passenger train from Swansea to Brecon,"*

THE HULL DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to a cattle-boat as "an ABORTION *of the deep, . . .* PREGNANT *with the mystery of life her decks were shortly to present,"*

THE ABERDEEN EVENING GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing, under the heading of "Advantages to be obtained by belonging to the Association," "PTOMAINE POISONING,"

THE TORQUAY AND DISTRICT GROCERS' AND PROVISION DEALERS' ASSOCIATION
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating at Edinburgh (according to "The Scotsman") that "the Budget had only to be long enough in force to knock the LIFE *out of the already* INANIMATE CORPSE *of Tariff Reform,"*

PROFESSOR MORGAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a woman "was regarded as a clever PATERNITY *nurse,"*

THE STRETFORD ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the bride was Miss Fanny Greenwood, SISTER *of the bridegroom,"*

THE SOUTHPORT VISITOR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to an "excellent exhibit of herbaceous PANSIES *and roses,"*

THE DARTFORD CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing "Maurice Bernhardt, the actress's son," as "having recently given BIRTH *to a daughter in London,"*

THE TATLER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following paragraph in a story: "The house is on fire . . . Frank, old fellow, if you get the ladies safe out of the house, I will see what I can do in helping to save some of the MORE VALUABLE *things,"*

THE CHRISTIAN NOVELS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

Who is clever, bright and kind? MRS. Bull (bear that in mind).

PARASITES OF THE DRUG SLAVES.

By Lop-Ear.

If we could obtain statistics, we should probably be thunderstruck by the huge armies which prey upon human weakness.

The moderate drinker, the well-seasoned toper, the regular patron of comparatively harmless dopes, all are invited, with loud flourishes of trumpets, to study quite natural symptoms and lash themselves into a panic. A furry tongue, a touch of liver, a mild attack of indigestion, is magnified into incipient delirium tremens or premonitions of paralysis. Or the craving for drink and drugs is described as utterly irresistible, until plain persons, naturally quite capable of resistance, become so hopelessly imbued with the idea of being caught in the mesh that they soon cease to struggle.

Fears of the Feeble.

The most pliable victims of these parasites are the anxious relatives of non-abstainers. The old mother who hears all about the curse of drink at Little Bethel; the pale young wife, brought up on barley-water and barley-sugar; the unfledged kill-joy from the University—how anxiously they watch the second glass of sherry at dinner, how they reprobate the mild night-cap of whisky and water, how they shudder with horror as they hurry past the bright lights of a public-house. It is not difficult to imagine what their state of mind will be when they are led to believe that a loved one is on the high road to dipsomania, to the loss of all his faculties, to moral degeneration and eternal damnation. I am not a believer in ignorance as a safeguard against any vice or disease. At the same time, people must not be driven, by monstrous exaggerations, to a state of panic in which they know not what they do. For if once they succumb to the blandishments of the quack, they may easily be led away to extremes of folly and indiscretion.

The Snares of the Spider.

The mischief begins with a lurid advertisement. Then, half out of curiosity, they send for a pamphlet, which may or may not alarm them. If it does not, if they cease to nibble at the bait, they will be subjected to an epistolary bombardment, almost amounting to persecution. The terrors of continued neglect are melodramatically pourtrayed: there is a life, perhaps a soul, to be saved, and the responsibility lies on their shoulders. Are they distrustful? Why, they can be provided with sheaves of testimonials. Do they contemplate the possibility of failure? Good gracious! The quack is so certain of success that he gives his word to return all fees if there is not complete satisfaction. Think of it: the word of a quack! Or perhaps poverty is the obstacle: they may not be able to afford these paltry guineas even for so pressing a need, for so glorious a redemption. By this time the quack has turned philanthropist. Far be it from him to withhold his priceless boon for lack of filthy lucre: if they cannot muster the full amount, let them send half on account, let them pay what they can, instalments if they please.

The Privy Philanthropist.

The most alluring offer is that of a secret cure, to be administered without the patient's knowledge. See the devoted helpmeet, pinching and saving out of her housekeeping money, denying herself bonnets and dresses, going about in 'buses or on foot, so that she may scrape together the price of her beloved's salvation. At last she receives a white powder and conceals it in a safe receptacle. Then, with all the mystery of a poisoner, she creeps down early to breakfast to mix it in his tea, or she doctors the tantalus, and watches hopefully for signs of returning health. The stuff is tasteless, so there is no risk of detection; it will cause "a positive distaste for alcohol," so she grows suspiciously profuse in bold invitations to drink. As a matter of fact, no such remedy exists. At the best she may ply him with something which will make him sick; it is just probable that he may ascribe his discomfort to the drink or drugs, and desist for a while. But no one can go on taking emetics for ever, and he will soon find the remedy worse than the disease.

The Secret Revealed.

Most of the advertised cures are mere palliatives. By paying or promising a sufficient number of guineas, you receive some bottles of medicine, which the advertisers have mixed at small cost to themselves. The usual ingredients are atropine and strychnine, or double chloride of gold and sodium, as to the merits of which medical opinion is divided. There is no reason why a dipsomaniac or drug-slave should not try them, for they *may* work wonders, especially if the patient is well endowed with faith and hope. But almost any doctor is quite competent to prescribe the medicines I have mentioned—and it is better as well as cheaper to know what you are taking and buy it at a reasonable price from the chemist. One comical fact about the various quacks is that, while all selling much the same mixtures, they each claim to have cured many of the others' failures.

Blind Bonnets.

To a certain extent, some of the treatments are really conducted on philanthropic lines. That is to say, committees of people who interest themselves in the development of the slums, investigate alleged cures with more honesty than intelligence and endorse quackery on insufficient data. They do not themselves make a profit out of it, but they assist less scrupulous persons to do so. They may even find that they have constituted themselves the cats'-paws of blackmailers. And here is the point which prospective victims must bear in mind: who is going to guarantee the secrecy of the person who makes a profit out of the failing? He has already shown you that he can be very persistent when you have merely nibbled at his advertisement. Remember that you will put yourself completely into his power when you furnish details of your habits.

Chemical Camp-Followers.

I have mentioned that the drug-habit is often induced by thoughtless doctors. It is also fostered and encouraged by greedy chemists. When the doctor has cured your sleeplessness or dulled your pain with morphia, he diminishes the dose. But the chemist is often ready to pander to your cravings. He does not like to offend a rich customer; so he sometimes disregards the rule that a prescription containing poison must not be made up a second time without being initialed by the prescriber. I have been told of a prescription with the words "not to be repeated more than twice"—and it had the stamps of no less than eleven different chemists on it! Then the drug-habit is fostered by the sale of insidious "cough-mixtures," which appeal to morphomaniacs. The provisions of the law are circumvented by a microscopic label carefully concealed on the least conspicuous portion of the bottle. This is the kind of stuff a chemist will press upon you, for he knows that you will return for it as for the waters of Arethusa.

"Where are you going to my pretty maid?"

"To buy MRS. BULL, kind sir," she said.

NELSON'S GARLAND.

HOW THE NAVY LEAGUE SNUBBED US FOR OUR CURIOSITY.

The British Jack Tar is noted all the world over for his generosity, but there are times, and rightly so, when he turns rusty and demands to know what he is getting for his money. Once every year it is usual to go round the Fleet for subscriptions to decorate the Nelson Column on Trafalgar Day. The work is carried out by the Navy League. For a considerable time past we have received numerous letters from men of the Fleet Service in different parts of the Empire, asking us to give them some idea as the expenditure of the sum collected. We therefore communicated with the Navy League, and the following letter speaks for itself, the italics being ours :—

The Navy League,
11, Victoria Street,
London, S.W.
September 10th, 1910.

DEAR SIR,

In reply to yours of the 17th ult.; I beg you to refer to my letter of the 8th of June last, in which it is stated that "the Balance Sheet will be issued in due course as is customary with the League's accounts, showing a working for twelve months."

A meeting of the Grand Council will take place in January next, and a Balance Sheet will then be presented.

Any subscriber to the Trafalgar Fund can obtain information concerning it by application to me during office hours. I fail to see, however, that it is necessary to satisfy the curiosity of those not intimately connected with it.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
WM. CAIUS CRUTCHLEY,
Secretary.

We must apologise to our naval readers for being unable to supply them with the information they require, and suggest to each of those who have subscribed to the fund that he should request a furlough for the purpose of waiting upon the Secretary of the League.

The next move we expect is that the Naval Authorities will follow those of the War Office, and endeavour to stay the circulation of JOHN BULL amongst men of the Fleet.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AND ITS TRAM PASSENGERS.

Referring to our recent remarks concerning a traveller by one of the London County Council trams, who was injured on the journey by the car jerking him on to a seat, the Council denying liability, another correspondent tells us that he, too, was travelling to Stockwell, and when about to alight was thrown to the ground by the sudden starting of the car, the conductor being on the roof and of course unable to see what was going on below. Our correspondent's knee was badly injured; he was confined to the house for several weeks, incurring considerable debt to his doctor, and on application to the Council for redress was told that no liability could be admitted.

WHY THEY FAIL.

A correspondent writes from Whitechapel :—

As a costand reader of JOHN BULL I take the liberty to inform you about mostly people why they fail in busines and I will try to explain in short my own case.

I have began busines 12 months agow with £62 my own money this was not sufition I borowed money by money lenders. Leberman, 154, Hanbury Street. I borowed £6. I had to pay 3s. 6d. for investigation, 2d. a form, interest 3s. in the £.

I had left £4 18s. 4d. I stopt payment 4 weeks so I had to pay to-day 7s. 6d. fine as in a police-court and 3d. for a letter instead of 3s. a week they made me pay 5s. a week is JOHN BULL gowing to look this over such blud suckers or is JOHN BULL gowing to try and rise a voice to protect inocent people, I will wait and see.

THE CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY

A NOVEL CHARGE.

We have had occasion, more than once, to comment adversely upon the action of the Charity Organisation Society as bearing upon individual cases of distress. It seemed to us that there was a tendency on the part of the Society to be somewhat hypercritical, to be unduly sceptical and slow, in ministering to genuine distress. But now the boot is on the other leg.

A correspondent tells us that the wife of an acquaintance suffered from bad teeth. Application was made to the Society, and she was supplied with a new set, value six guineas. Our correspondent contends that the woman was not a fit subject for help, and, assuming what he says to be correct, we agree with him. The husband is said to be a first-class workman (a bricklayer) earning on an average from 30s. to 35s. per week. The wife (the recipient of the Society's bounty) also goes to work at a gentleman's house. Of four daughters three are in service, and doing well. The fourth, aged 13, is still at school. There is also a son, an A.B. in the Navy, who sends his parents £1 a month entirely for the benefit of the home.

THE SHAKESPEARE TRUST.

SCURVY TREATMENT OF THE SECRETARY.

For the last twenty-six years Mr. Richard Savage has served the Shakespeare Trust faithfully and well. "I am not acquainted," writes Mr. William Winter, a well-known American, "with the circumstances under which Mr. Savage retires, but I have known him well for many years, and I feel that in his retirement, which I deeply deplore, the cause of Shakespearean research and scholarship, and likewise the borough of Stratford, will suffer a serious loss." Very recently Mr. Savage completed a catalogue in book form of the objects on exhibition at the Shakespeare Museum, which is selling largely, and his interest in his work has never flagged. Yet the Executive, a hole-and-corner body, has now forced Mr. Savage to retire, on the pretence that the rearrangement of the Museum requires the services of a London man. Mr. Sidney Lee seems to be the moving spirit in the business, and this is the resolution he engineered in connection with the retirement of Mr. Savage :—

> After duly considering the financial position of the Trust, the Committee have awarded Mr. Savage a pension of £150 a year, it being understood that this pension is dependent on the goodwill of the Trustees, and does not constitute any precedent for the future.

Under this resolution Mr. Savage might at any moment have been deprived of his pension. Fortunately, at the meeting of the Trustees, whose ratification of the action of the Executive was necessary to make it valid, it was moved to strike out "dependent on the goodwill of the Trustees," and to substitute the words "for life," an amendment that was carried. As it is, Mr. Savage has good ground for complaint at the way in which he has been forced to retire from a position the duties of which he remained in every way competent to fulfil.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

JOHN BULL'S GREETINGS.

October 16th.—RT. HON. JOHN BURNS, M.P.

May Burns, M.P. for Battersea,
Burn brighter year by year,
A shining light, for all to see
How "labour," linked with energy,
High honour sometimes earns;
And also—incidentally—
Brings very good "returns."

October 16th.—DR. CLIFFORD.

When Death, the Collector, demands the last "rate"
'Twill be final—he'll not "call again";
And all your persistence
In Passive Resistance
Will only be foolish and vain.

In love affairs and heartache's grief, MRS. BULL will bring relief.

SOME MORE "VOICES FROM INDIA."

The communication, from an Anglo-Indian reader, we recently published under this heading, has brought forth a number of interesting expressions of opinion as to the wisdom, or otherwise, of the Government policy in our great Eastern Empire. From these we select the following :—

One statement your correspondent makes is rather news—"No paper," says he, "will print a letter exposing an official, however clear the data." The greater part of the contents of the greater part of Indian papers is taken up, not only with so-called exposures—there can't be smoke without fire—but also full of the most malicious lies and distorted facts about officials and English methods of government. The Indian Radical paper has no sense of proportion or fairness; perhaps this is the reason (and it would be a very strong reason) why no respectable Anglo-Indian journal—it is possibly to Anglo-Indian papers your correspondent refers—will allow its columns for the washing of dirty linen. We all have dirty linen in our cupboards; if Anglo-Indian papers were to start a pillory it would only embarrass the Government, and after all it is a British Government.

Now as to "exposing an official," "writing on public abuses," on "favouritism," on "jobbery," there is another reason in India why we Anglo-Indians do not, as a rule, rush into print when in India—because we are afraid of setting a bad example. It is an almighty big job John Bull has on in India—a handful of Englishmen, just ordinary Englishmen, ruling or endeavouring to rule 300,000,000 people of as varied nationalities, tongues, religions and physical characteristics as can be found in the rest of the world put together. And this handful of Englishmen are just ordinary sons of John Bull, not selected for any specially vicious, or, on the other hand, specially virtuous qualities—just ordinary Johnnies, some dare-devil, some psalm-singing, some T.T., others at times even so far as D.T.—but they've got to set an example—and a bad one individuals set sometimes.

Now Anglo-Indian papers are not entirely closed to real, clean criticism of scandals, official or otherwise; but largely I think you will find there is a lurking sporting instinct about John Bull—he doesn't like hitting a man who can't hit back; and every Anglo-Indian knows, or ought to know, that Government officials are precluded—under penalty of dismissal if found out—from writing in public defence of themselves. But then again there are papers which are fearless critics, and in any real, sound grievance or genuine case of nepotism, they are "up and at 'em." Let your correspondent send in a few of his experiences of "official injustice and arrogance" to such papers, and I am sure he will get fair treatment, and need no longer feel his grievances are being bottled up.

And then again, Englishmen find other ways of exposing men and matters, Government arrogance, and official injustice, and that is through certain bodies or associations—I am concluding your correspondent is an Englishman or Eurasian. If a planter, let him join the Planters' Association of his district; if a business man, he has his local or nearest Chamber of Commerce, and dozens of other bodies.

A member of the John Bull League writes :—

I have spent more than twenty years in the Empire of India, and during that time I have unfortunately witnessed acts of "arrogance" by Europeans against natives, but the offenders have generally been men engaged in the world of commerce. The position of an official is *ipso facto* so assured that he is not driven to exact exaggerated outward forms of respect from the native in order to pose as a "burra sahib," as in the case of the parvenu "bose-wallah" (merchant).

The statement that "two Englishmen cannot criticise an official in the street in a policeman's hearing," not only credits the Indian policeman with a knowledge of the English language which he does not possess, but would also tend to demonstrate that your correspondent wishes to qualify for (let us say) the post of Solicitor-General for Scotland!

DE KIPLING INQUIRANDO.

By Herbert Vivian.

It would be interesting to trace the medical history of Mr. Rudyard Kipling through his books, from his barrack-room paranoia, through his jingo delirium and miscellaneous melancholia, down to the general paralysis of his latest lucubration. It is called "Rewards and Fairies" for no apparent reason. No doubt the invalid chose those words by inserting his thumb into a dictionary at haphazard. I have waded through all the gibberish, but can find no sign of any reward, certainly none for the patient reader. As for fairies, no folk-lore, nursery, bazaar, or flight of healthy fancy ever produced so helpless, hopeless a caricature.

Symptoms of Senility.

Our invalid has evidently read Mrs. Nesbit's brilliant books, for he makes a groping effort to imitate her plan of bringing real live children into communication with real live fairies. But the author has apparently never been a child himself—remember the gross bug-hunting caricatures of schoolboys in "Stalky and Co."—and can no more imagine one than a Laplander could evolve an elephant out of his inner consciousness. And he knows as little about the natural history of fairies as about the minds of soldiers or the manners of gentlemen. His impossible children (Dan and Una) meet an alleged fairy (Puck), and the trio act as a senseless chorus to a long procession of dismal characters, who are introduced without rhyme or reason.

The Poetic Frenzy.

It may be one of our patient's delusions that the introductions are made with rhyme, for each chapter is preceded by ravings arranged in lines to look like poetry. Here are some of his characteristically melodious rhymes: none—lamentation, good—mud, understand—Talleyrand, Azores—Monsieurs, sword—word, clamour—hammer, trough—off, spirit—inherit, unproven—woven, says—dismays, matter—water. And here are some limpid, lunatic lines:—

"He was taken prisoner, he was cast in thrall,
And Iron—Cold Iron—was master of it all."

"Her kiss upon their lips—
Even Belphœbe's, whom they gave their lives for!"

"While, just as though they were Bishops,
Eddi preached them the Word."

Successive Spectres.

The various characters have no relation to each other, no connecting thread, no artifice of interest. They are the gloomy phantoms of a nightmare, led out one by one, like performers in some monstrous music-hall, utterly destitute of point or wit, or excuse for existence. I will enumerate a few to explain my yawns, groans and cat-calls. First, however, let me thank the patient for an unintentional service. Not content with a title which should suffice to discourage sane readers, he makes his first chapter the most hopelessly illegible of all: it is called "Cold Iron," and rambles deliriously about changelings and slave-rings, in gibberish and balderdash so incoherent that a strait-waistcoat seems instantly required. Then we have a fuddled vision of Black Bess (Henry VIII.'s bastard), who can say a few simple words in Spanish—*Ay de mi!* and *Quien sabe?*—and maunders about a pair of green shoes and Spaniards and "Admiral Boy—Vice-Admiral Babe." I concur with the commentary: "'I don't understand a bit,' said Una." The next vision is that of "Hal of the Draft" (? Daft), who was knighted by a mediæval king for not doing some scroll-work and thus saving £30. This moves various characters to wild merriment, and an old builder seizes the opportunity to libel Trade Unions. Perhaps the worst phantom of all (but each seems worst as we read his tale) is the stone-age man, who used to run away from wolves until he sold his right eye to the Children of the Night in exchange for knives. Here is a sample of the conversation :—"'By the Fire in the Belly of the Flint, was that so?' Puck rapped out. 'By my Knife and the Naked Chalk, so it was.'" Then we have an inconsequential narrative by "Brother Square-Toes," a gipsy smuggler, who met Washington and Talleyrand and some Indians in America, and was kicked out of the room by Buonaparte on returning to France. Our patient's idea of historical characters is illustrated by a representation of Talleyrand as being generous and—grateful! This galaxy must suffice to warn all who desire to retain their sanity. I cannot descend to the invalid author's gibberings about Saint Wilfrid and the seal. So I will conclude my solemn warning against this brain-stormy book by asking why everybody—the fairy, the gentle children, even the great personages of the past—all express themselves as ungrammatically as charwomen?

Silly sheets may go to—well—MRS. Bull is *sure* to sell.

THE SHEPHERD-TEAGUE COMPANY.

A WARNING TO INTENDING PURCHASERS.

We have received a number of letters recently, asking our advice as to whether the writers might prudently avail themselves of the offers that are being made by this Company. We have made some enquiries and the result of them is that we warn young men who think of going out to Fresno under the auspices of the Shepherd-Teague Company to have the documents they may be asked to sign first scrutinised by competent advisers, in order that they may avoid any misapprehension of the real character of the conditions.

In the advertisements that appear from time to time in the Press, the Company invite public school men to take up as a career fruit-farming in California, where, as they say, large fortunes are to be made in this particular line of business. It seems that the Company are in fact large landowners, or the agents of large landowners, in Fresno County. Their estates are practically undeveloped and the fruit-farming part of the business is merely a bait held out to induce young men to purchase plots of land at exorbitant rates. In the event of any land being taken up, they dissuade the purchaser from going out to California, saying that the Company are prepared to farm the land for the owner and to pay him a certain small sum, about 20 per cent. of the net profit. Should the owner insist on farming the land himself, he is required to enter into a contract to labour for a term of five years on the Company's land at a salary which works out at about £12 per annum. The men who go out are called "pupils," but they are in fact nothing more than labourers.

It does not appear that any opportunity is given to develop the land acquired, as the contract for service stipulates that it is to be performed on any part of the Company's estates; as may be required. The contract of purchase is also very vague; no definite locality being mentioned.

A gentleman in an official position in that part of the world, having called upon us and made certain representations with regard to this Company and its offers, and having reason to believe that the Emigrants' Information Office has an official report from the Consul-General out there about the Company, we asked the Office to let us see it, but in a very courteous communication they tell us that their regulations do not permit this. They, however, direct our attention to an extract from a letter which it was the practice of the Office in the early months of this year to address to enquirers as to the advisability of taking up fruit-farming in Fresno. "It is," says this extract, "in the opinion of the Committee, extremely inadvisable in any circumstances to purchase, or to undertake to purchase, land without examining it first. This is particularly the case where fruit-growing is concerned. The Committee are informed that the work on the fruit farms in the district of Fresno is hard and rough, and unsuitable for anyone who has not been used to hard manual labour. If, however, a man desires to undertake the work, he can obtain employment locally without committing himself to the purchase of land. The wages paid to ordinary labourers on ranches and vineyards are $1.25 a day with board and lodging. But it must be remembered that the purchasing power of money is less than in this country. Fresno is the centre of the raisin industry, which has been much depressed for the last two years. It is also a large grape-growing district, and this industry has also been somewhat depressed." *Verb. sap.*

TRADE NOTE.

A GIFT TO THE OLD COUNTRY.—A DISTINCTIVE COLONIAL TOBACCO.—The new tobacco, Nyasa, produced in British Central Africa, is bound to create considerable interest among smokers in England. It has quite a distinctive flavour, and is pleasing to the taste. Claimed to be equal to the best American tobacco, it has just a dash of the Turkey aromatic flavour, and has a further recommendation in that, although it is quite a luxury in tobaccos, it is inexpensive. Nyasa is made solely by Messrs. R. and J. Hill, London, E. It has exceptional burning qualities, it leaves a fine white ash, and smokes right to the last shred. Our readers who like a good tobacco, and one withal that is eminently British, would do well to give "Nyasa" tobacco a trial.

THE FUTURE OF THE LAND.

A NOVEL OF THE DAY.

By RICHARD MORTON.

CHAPTER I.—*Necessity Obeys the Law.*

Lord Longlands sighed wearily. "No, Payne," he said, "it is useless to contend further against this Government and these taxes. I shall retire from the fight. Put the property up for sale. I shall sell every acre."

Payne, his lordship's agent and man of affairs, uttered a groan in harmony. "Thirty thousand acres, mansion, park, arable land and meadows, farms, inns and cottages, all in your lordship's family for five hundred years, and now—to sell! Why, it is sacrilege."

"It is, Payne, it is. But the sin must not be laid at my door. I am the innocent victim. It is openly declared that all taxes in the future will be raised from the land, and why should I pay while my tenants go scot free? I refuse to be bled yearly. I decline to be ruined bit by bit. I will cut the Gordian knot and part with my land. The tax gatherers will collar most of the proceeds, for none of the land has ever been sold before, so, whatever price it may fetch, will be all clear profit, and Shylock will take his pound of flesh and blood. Draft out the particulars of sale, Payne."

Then, with a great grief brooding o'er them, the lord and the agent settled down to the table and began to prepare the big bills.

As Payne blotted the last fatal word, he dashed a tear from his sympathetic eye. Then he glanced at Lord Longlands. His Lordship had fallen back in his chair, his face white and bloodless.

"Heavens!" cried the agent, "he has fainted!"

* * *

CHAPTER II.—*Father and Son. A Ray of Light.*

The sale at the Red Lion was over. The prices realised for the different lots had been grotesquely small, but land was a drug in the market and purchasers were few—and foolhardy.

Lord Longlands kept account of the various sums accepted at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer, and now, having added up the total, he tottered down the steps of the hotel, a ruined man.

In the quaint old High Street a handsome, stalwart young man rushed into his arms. "Father," he cried, "you sent for me. I am here."

"Yes," sighed the peer. "I had to summon you from Oxford, for I can no longer support you. When the tax has been paid and the mortgage money handed over, there will be but a few pounds left."

"Mortgage, father? I understand about the dreadful tax, but I did not know there was a mortgage on your estate."

"You are young and innocent, my son. There was never yet a lord without a mortgage. But a truce to tears. Your future is safe. By the exercise of a little influence, I have secured you a berth as assistant manager at a Labour Bureau."

* * *

CHAPTER III.—*Fallen Grandeur at the Gate.*

Two short years sped by. The purchasers of the lots, burdened by new taxation, had been frozen out of their holdings, and all was now Government property. Part of the estate was being cultivated by convict labour, part was a garden city, and factories, shops and cottages were erected on the remainder.

A visitor from the Treasury was being shown over the property by the Resident Overseer, a Revenue Officer who was officially in charge.

"I observe," said the visitor, "that the fine old mansion has been turned into a museum and picture palace. Is admission free?"

"Oh, entirely. We must give the people something for their money, you know."

"Quite so. By the by, who is that noble-looking old gentleman with a white beard, sitting at the gate?"

"Oh," said the Overseer, "that is Comrade Longlands. He belonged to the House of Lords before it was abolished. and used to own this place. In consideration of his good character, he's got the porter's job."

[THE END.]

In kitchen and in nursery fun, MRS. BULL will be A1.

CLIMBING THE TREE.

By Gorgy Topley.

("Fix on the tree you are going to climb, and determine to climb to the top," says the Bishop of Carlisle. But most of us look round for a ladder.)

THE ORFIS BOY SPEAKS.

One day larst weak, aving bin sittin bitin me knales 4 a cupple of howers, wiv a prospeck of anuther 3 howers devoted 2 a simmilar parstime (tommy wrot awl this tork about the Bissyness Government) and aving finished me "Marvel," I appened by misteak to pick up the larst number of *Our* paper (capital O pleeze Mr. Printer). I thort I mite as well look at the "Bulls Eyes" as I ave a sneeking regard for them onley they give yer away in offis howers 'cause they smell so when u chew em. Well I red their (and if u sea it in John Bull it is sew, sew the Boss is always sayin) that the Bishop of Carlisle ses:—"Fix on the tree u r goin 2 clime and determine 2 clime 2 the top."

Now for the parst munth or 2 I ad fixed on the particler tree I should like to clime in a orcherd neer wear I live in the subbubs (we 'ave 2 be clarssy on the heditorial starf of J.B.), but somehow the determination was wanting on my part. Owever, wiv the Bishops advice in black and wite befor my I's, I resolved 2 do what was rite and clime that tree rite 2 the verry top, corse I appened to notis that all the ripe ones seamed to gro their. Sew on Satterday afternoon (wich is early closin day 4 us) 2 kut a long story short I tuk the Bishops advice and climed that particlar tree rite 2 the top. Now is lordship overlooked 1 particlar; he nevver menshuned anythink about comin down again, and tho the pairs was nice and jucy I carnt live on pairs 4 ever. Sew what troubled me was gettin down becorse when I was tired of eatin and thort of returnin to "terror firmer" I could sea beneeth the tree a "livin picture" of the front page of the cover of this paper only neither the man or the dorg looked so quiet and appy as they do in the picture.

For 2 nately I 'ad the copy of John Bull in my pocket 4 reference sew takin it out I underlined the Bishop's motter wiv a pensill and through it down 4 the man 2 reed. He seamed to sort of smile when he red it, and took holed of his dorg buy the koller and told me to kome down. "Hoh" sed me when I arrived on "terrer firmer" once moore, "so you ave been takin the Bishops advice ave you?" "Yes sir" ses I verry meakly not thinkin it worth wile to menshun about takin anything else. "And do u awlways act on good advice like this?" e arsked pleasantly. "Awlways sir" sed I. "Oh, then I suppose u r i of those 'Slaves of Morality' I sea sew oftened menshuned on the placards," he ses. "I'll ask the boss about it sir" sed I and biddin him Goodbuy I whended my whey 'omewards.

N.B.—I 'ave tolled the Boss awl about it and 'e ses I shall 'ave a plaice in is Bissyness Government, so their must bee somethink in it after awl. The Boss *is* fond of pairs.

A PERPLEXED TAXPAYER.

We have received the following complaint from a correspondent at Bargoed:—

> The Surveyor of Taxes of Merthyr Tydfil has assessed property in Bargoed for the purpose of income-tax, twice. When complaints were made to him on the subject, he gave the following reply:—
>
> "The annexed demand note is quite correct. The assessments 5,359 and 12,764 are on the same property, viz. your property in Capel Street. As 5,359 was not adequate an additional assessment had to be made—12,764."
>
> I have followed the last Budget very carefully, but I cannot find the clause where the surveyor has the power to make the assessment on property for income-tax under Schedule D to an amount half as much as the assessment for Poor Rate, etc., or to an amount in excess of the actual rent received. Is this the way Lloyd George intends to make up his deficit?

What has Mr. Lloyd George to say for himself?

Have any of our readers have had dealings with the Leicester Printing and Publishing Co., of Duke Street, Leicester?

CRANKY COLONELS.

WHY THE WILLESDEN BIGOT COULD NOT HELP IT.

A military correspondent gives us the following expression of opinion, formed after long and close contact with the class he criticises:—

Colonel Fitzpatrick belongs to the class of military men who stay on in the Army—command their regiments, gain the maximum pension they possibly can; in short, make their profession their one aim and object in life. These men are, as a rule, particularly narrow-minded and brainless; it is not their fault, but the fault of the environment they have stagnated in for years.

The young officer joins his regiment and quickly (if he has any power of perception at all) discovers that there are certain fixed opinions he must hold. He must be a Conservative, he must not even possess a sneaking regard for any one plank in the Liberal platform. He must place bodily prowess in the shape of athletics far away and above mere mental capability; religion he must not discuss; literature (except what the average literary man would describe as "very light") is to be left alone, and, as for poetry, the very name bans it.

What chance can our friend the Colonel have, after being brought up for years in this atmosphere of narrow nonsense, of being able to do anything other than make an ass of himself on his return to civil life, which he left at the age of 19 or 20?

Are they, then, all fools in the Army, you ask? No; thank heaven, we have the "brainy" type. They leave the regiment as soon as they can, go to the Staff College, the Ordnance Department, billets abroad, anywhere to escape becoming mere all-round athletes with minds moss-grown and incapable of an original thought. Or they leave the Army early. Many find after a few years' service that they have missed their vocations and strike out anew, knowing full well that they are forsaking the bird in the hand for a problematical two in the bush; but ambitious, and with the wish to be true to themselves. A great number of these do well. Look at the soldier-playwrights, actors who have been soldiers, engineers, motor manufacturers, authors, etc., etc. These men would never partake in "cranky" movements.

A CROYDON SCANDAL.

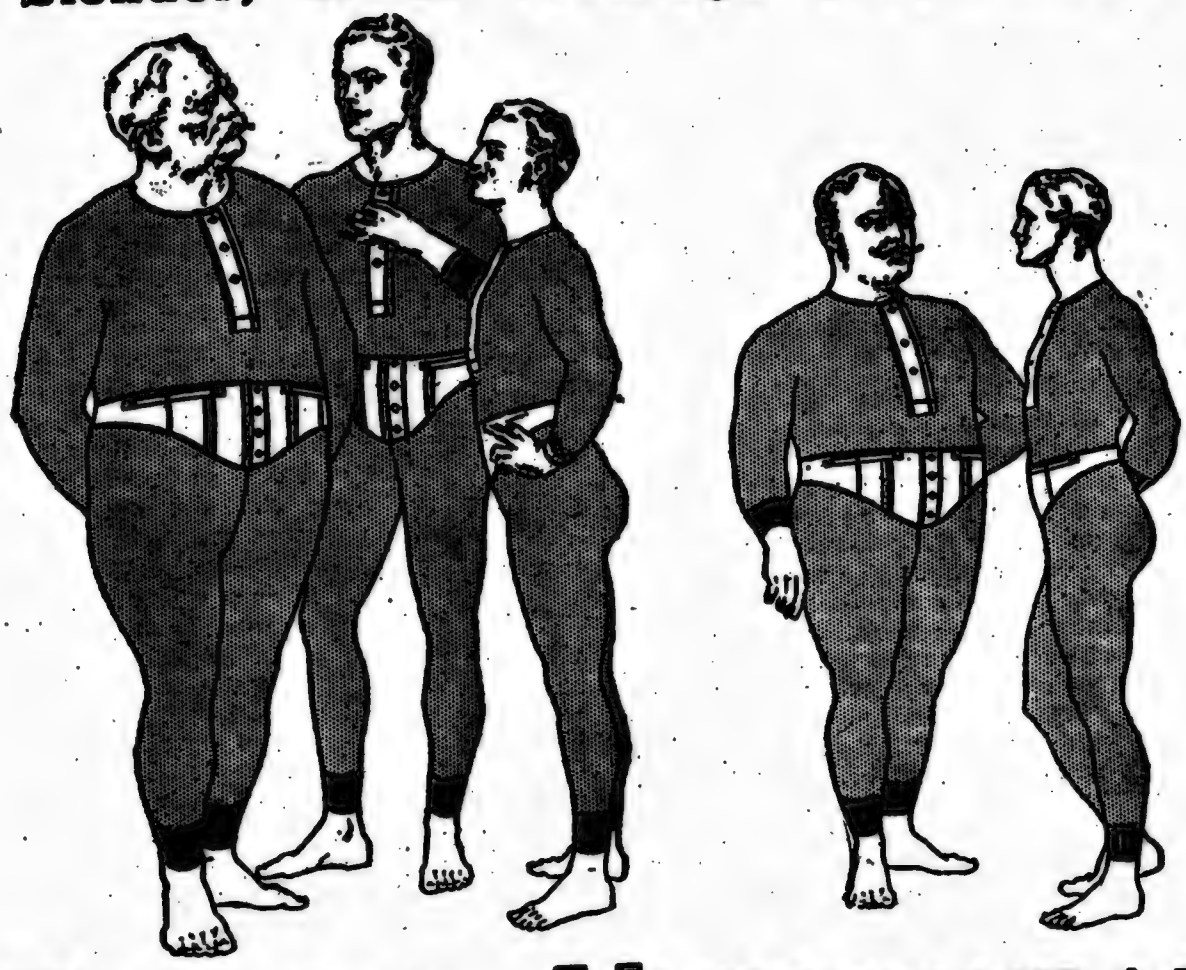
AN ENQUIRY HELD IN CAMERA.

Serious allegations have been brought by a former employee of the Croydon Education Committee against the Surveyor to that Committee, and a deliberate attempt has been made to hush up the affair. The local press, we suppose, considers itself better occupied in reporting church outings and Little Bethel meetings.

On October 5th, a committee sat *in camera* to consider a letter from Mr. Charles J. Booker, with reference to matters affecting the conduct of the surveyor. The Committee examined the surveyor, the assistant surveyor, Mr. Booker, and twelve workmen.

The allegation of Mr. Booker was that Mr. Ridge, the surveyor, had used, for private purposes, quantities of material the property of the Education Committee, that he had employed workmen of the Committee for private purposes during the time for which the Committee were paying such workmen, and that, generally, there was a lack of proper supervision and management of the Works Department. After all investigation the Committee found, and the surveyor admitted, that certain quantities of material had been used by the surveyor as alleged, and that workmen had been employed for private purposes and paid by the Committee. Further, it was found that the supervision and management of the department were not satisfactory. So far so good. Now for the amazing sequel. *The Committee have abolished the office of Surveyor to the Education Committee, and they "recommend that the surveyor be allowed, on the abolition of his office the compensation he is entitled to by law."* If this meets with the approval of those who have to pay the piper, we have nothing further to say in the matter, except that the whole of the facts should have been placed before them. We are of opinion that had ordinary workmen been the subject of investigation, the Committee would not have acted in this way.

Whether you are Tall and Stout—Tall and Slender — Short and Stout — Short and Slender, or of Average proportions



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Write for the "Cutuna" Underwear Book, No. 9, and Samples of Materials. When writing kindly mention *"John Bull."*

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THE PORTUGUESE.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

The origin of these pygmies is lost in antiquity. Perhaps they came from the swamps and forests of Africa; they are certainly black enough in all conscience. You have only to look at them to recognise a big lick of the tar-brush. This, however, is more plausibly explained by their Colonial expansion. Out in Brazil, or some such place, they take a dusky wife for temporary purposes, but regard the alliance as merely morganatic. When they have made their pile, they discard the lady and return home with a quiverful of parti-coloured pickaninnies. This does not interfere with another marriage in Portugal, and you may see them at Lisbon opera surrounded by selections from both sets of offspring.

Portugaiety.

Was it not Offenbach who warbled:

Les Portuguais
Sont toujours gais?

That is, of course, a characteristic of most niggers, even when Belgians chop off their hands during the rubber boom. And Portuguese gaiety has something negroid about it. The majority of the population are incorrigible loafers. They work only when compelled by dire necessity. If they are fortunate enough to possess a few coins, they will spend them at once on carriages, wine-shops and entertainments. Such enjoyments cost very little; they can live on fruit and wine, which may almost be had for the asking; failing anything else, they can always find pleasure in shouting and singing, and talking politics. They are frightful thieves (almost as bad as Italians), and think nothing of stabbing you under the short ribs for the price of a bottle. At the same time, they possess many of the attractive qualities of monkeys, with their ready grin, mischievous sense of humour and comical affectations. Only, instead of being left to govern themselves, they should be dressed up in harlequin jackets and taken about on the tops of hurdy-gurdies.

Degenerate Dagos.

Their language is a rude, repulsive jargon, with none of the dignity of Spanish, or melody of Italian: it seems also to have its own lick of the tarbrush. Their coinage is characteristic: 1,000 reis go to a dollar, so you can be a millionaire for about £200. Even their bull-fights are shorn of the pomp and spectacular glory which atone for the bloodshed of the Spanish national sport. And listen to the comic-opera smack of their family names, worthy of the Dukes of Marmalade and Lemonade, in Hayti or Liberia, or somewhere. Our grandchildren will have no difficulty in remembering that the Great Revolution of 1910 was caused by the indiscretion of Lieutenant Rebello in shooting Doctor Bombarda!

Soldiers and Sailors.

Portuguese soldiers were a byword as long ago as the Peninsular War. Wellington led them to victory, it is true, but they were like clown-dogs for ever trying to slink away and having to be flogged back to the pack.

The old phrase—

"One Johnny Frenchman, two Portuguee,
One jolly Englishman lick 'em all three"—

illustrates the fighting capacity of these pygmies even when reduced to the denomination of frogs.

Squires and Superstition.

Outside the chief towns, the Portuguese population cower under the thraldom of landlords and priests. The landlords are so fossilised, greedy, selfish, ignorant, and utterly barbarous, that even our own squires, who try to bolster up feudalism by grinding the faces of British villagers, appear models of benevolence and intelligence in comparison. And the clergy belong to still mouldier strata. They are recruited from all the fools of the families—the lowest peasant families; they are so ignorant, so degraded, so venal, so immoral, that it is often difficult to imagine that they can be human beings at all. Yet they are the spiritual counsellors, the ghostly comforters, on whom the Portuguese depend for their code of conduct, for all their intellectual development.

The Farce of Finance.

As no one does more work than will suffice to provide him with the amusements of the moment, you may be wondering to yourselves about the national finances. But they are really as simple as the good old Chinese plan of making a living by taking in each other's washing, or that philosopher's stone of taxing the foreigner, or any similar fairy-tale. Whitaker sums it up very neatly: "For many years the national income has been considerably less than the expenditure; this deficiency has added to the national debt." Just fancy that!

The Party System in Caricature.

One service, however, Portugal has rendered to the world. Like the helot in Sparta, it has served as an awful example. No one who has studied the Party System of Portugal will ever believe in the possibility of Party government again. The object lesson is as convincing as one of Euclid's rigmaroles, ending up with, "Which is absurd." The game was called Rotativism, and was played as follows: Two sides picked up politicians, views being immaterial. Then the two sides agreed to take office in turn, and the Minister of the Interior arranged the required majority at every election. It all worked very smoothly until some blacklegs chose to call themselves Independents and ignored the rules of the game. But while it lasted, it was good fun—for the professional politicians.

Port for Export.

Untravelled people probably form their ideas of foreign countries by a chain of associations. Portugal suggests port, and port calls up memories of ruby nectar glistening in the glamour of Yule-logs; it is associated with home and friendship and good old-fashioned jollity far more than any other juice of the grape. There could scarcely be a greater irony than that which is conveyed by this train of thought. Port may be made in Portugal, but it is drunk in England. "Port for men," says the old saw. I suggest syrup and water for the Portuguese.

"MRS. BULL."

A WARNING!

We have to warn the public and the Trade against an impudent piracy of the above title—the name under which, ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25th, will be published the new companion journal to "John Bull."

Notwithstanding that on June 20th last, the title was duly registered at Stationers' Hall, and that all necessary things have since been done to comply with copyright law, some enterprising individual—taking advantage of the lax arrangements which prevail in our Government Departments—appears to have registered on September 14th the same title, together with that of "Mrs. John Bull,"—presumably under the impression that by doing so he was securing some advantage over us. We are dealing with the matter by legal process, but, in the meantime, we trust that nobody will be misled into purchasing any piracy of the genuine journal.

As an egg, of meat, is full; so of sense, is MRS. BULL.

Robinson's Progress

From Shoreditch to Park Lane.

Robinson is the managing director of one of the biggest businesses in the Kingdom. His real name stands for that business, and everybody knows that he has made it out of his own brains.

Robinson moved into Park Lane last week. Now it is well known that as a little office boy Robinson came up into the City from Shoreditch. So everybody wants to know how he made the journey.

Robinson makes no secret of the fact that it is the constant use and study of one book that has brought him from Shoreditch to Park Lane. All honour to him.

Robinson's First Start.

The firm where Robinson was employed as a boy had a set of the "Business Encyclopædia" lying about the office for the use of the staff. And Robinson, the boy, got into the way of going to it when anything puzzled him about his work.

There was a sudden row one day over a missing letter. There were other boys in the office, but it seemed to astonish the manager somewhat that little Robinson was the only one who was able to explain that under the Card-Index system this particular complication could not occur.

He was put in charge of the letters within a week, and henceforth everything ran like clockwork. Because every system of letter-filing is explained in the "Business Encyclopædia," as well as all details of office organisation and all business information whatever.

This incident convinced him more firmly of the value of the "Business Encyclopædia" to a youth who wants to succeed in business; and he determined to have a set of his own. He bought the "Business Encyclopædia" on the Publishers' famous system of easy payments.

Robinson came across this saying of a great man about this time: "I fear the man of one book."

He made up his mind that the "Business Encyclopædia" should be his one book, not merely by purchase as it was already, but by conquest—by taking everything in it for his own. It is probable also that he made up his mind at this time that his business rivals should fear him, later on, and as soon as he was big enough to have

Business Rivals.

They do fear him to-day—that is certain.

Meantime he was just a very ambitious head office boy. He took a steady course in practical book-keeping. He did not pay heavy fees to a Tutorial Business College; he studied his "one book" at night and wrested the whole art of book-keeping from it.

He got a clerkship on the strength of his book-keeping knowledge. But when he had been clerking quite a long while, it appalled him to consider what a number of men there were who, once becoming clerks, remained at the same dead level for the rest of their lives.

He knew there is a reason for all things, and he saw that nine out of ten of the men around him were fogged entirely as soon as any question outside of the beaten track of the day-book and the ledger arose. More than ever he was convinced that "Knowledge is power" in the business world, as elsewhere.

Before the yearly balance came on, he had grasped the fact that the Balance is the objective of all book-keeping. And so he was able, in the temporary absence of the auditor, to draw up a balance - sheet in a way that drew a compliment from the head of the firm; incidentally this caused a rise in his salary, at the end of the year.

Then he began to study the "Business Encyclopædia" through, page by page; and he took himself back over the ground regularly in order to show himself that he had not forgotten what he had learned.

There was consternation in the firm's office one morning when the news came that the old stager who had attended the County Court for years had dropped dead as he was going to sit down to breakfast.

But as Robinson was able to show that he knew all about County Court work—there are sixty-nine references in the Index under points connected with County Courts alone, and Robinson had mastered them all—he found himself in the County Court within an hour, and using the somewhat difficult County Court knowledge he had made himself master of, with the greatest ease in the world. Incidents of this sort happened frequently.

"The Man Who Knows."

Robinson was sent for as a matter of course when a difficulty arose; and as he studied his "one book" more and more faithfully and intelligently, he was always able to solve the difficulty.

Robinson's chance came at last—as it mostly does come to those who keep themselves ready and fit to take it, all talk about bad luck notwithstanding.

A certain department was in a very bad way—Robinson was made head of this particular department, the arrangement being that he was to be paid by results. He often declared that the next two years were the very hardest he had ever lived, not excepting those first two hard years when the ambitious little office boy came up into the City out of Shoreditch.

But the next change came suddenly. Robinson was made a partner. And as he was now able to put his own ideas into practice, success succeeded to success after this.

And so he moved into Park Lane last week.

Achievement.

It needs no special perspicacity to see that the cause of Robinson's business success up to this was due to the fact that he made himself master of all Business information.

Many men sat near Robinson while he was a clerk—they were equally conscientious, equally sober, equally punctual. Yet these men are clerks still and Robinson is one of the men at the top.

The practical moral of this slight sketch is—that if you want to make money in Business you must know all about Business. The "Business Encyclopædia" is the only work that covers all the knowledge that took Robinson from Shoreditch to Park Lane.

Two Opinions.

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TICKET-OF LEAVE.

By R. Ker.

He came lurching up the workhouse path, and the Taskmaster met him at the gate. It was Tuesday night.

"You will be detained until 11 o'clock on Thursday morning, and be required to pick four pounds of oakum," said the Taskmaster. It was the usual formula, repeated to every brother of the road, who called for the hospitality of the "house."

He did not look nice, this new-comer, as he stepped into the little room where his class were received and searched. His old frock coat, which ages before had perhaps been on the back of a prosperous stockbroker, was scorched in places from having been heated too strongly in workhouse stoves. (This scorching of garments by careless Taskmasters is a standing grievance with tramps.) Underneath his coat, serving as a shirt and waistcoat, was a tunic of brown paper, worn next the skin. His boots were burst and he did not wear socks. His trousers were a succession of patches, and on his head was a straw hat, which, strange to say, was nearly new.

He took out an old red handkerchief and laid it carefully on the floor at his feet. Into it he placed all his worldly goods, except the clothes he stood in. The handkerchief held all comfortably—a clay pipe, two matches, three crusts and a piece of cheese, and two pennies.

The Taskmaster gazed on stolidly until the finish. If the tramp had hesitated he would have immediately told him, in no uncertain tones, to tip all out. But no such command was necessary.

"Come on," said the Taskmaster, and led the way to the bath-room.

The influence of the warm water opened the heart and loosened the tongue of the wanderer. He became expansive. He lay on his back and smiled genially at the Taskmaster. For the first time he spoke.

"It is wonderfully refreshing," he said, "if one could only have the limbs rubbed with olive oil, after the manner of the Romans. Those old fellows knew quite well how to take off the effects of a long march. Do you know who the Romans were, Governor?"

About four times a year, on the average, the Taskmaster met tramps who had been educated as gentlemen. Therefore he was not surprised at the question.

"If you were the only cuss of your kind on this country side, I might stand here and talk to you. As it is, get out of the bath and dry yourself," he answered.

"Anything to oblige," said the Tramp. "As you say, there are others. I met two at the police office, getting tickets. Yet it is very comfortable in here."

He dried himself on a stiff brown towel, and the Taskmaster gave him a clean shirt. The officer conducted him along a stone passage, unlocked a cell door, and bade him enter. His supper, eight ounces of bread and a pint of warm gruel, was given in and the door locked. In the morning he would be given his clothes and the oakum.

"Good-night," said the Tramp.

"Good-night," answered the Taskmaster.

A few minutes afterwards a police sergeant came up to the "house." The tramp with the straw hat was Harry Setjaw, out on ticket-of-leave. Seventeen years before, Harry was removing silver from a sideboard that was not his own. The owner appeared and fired at Harry. Harry fired back at the owner, and shot him dead. For this he was sentenced to twenty years'. If the Workhouse Master would let him go at 9.30 a.m. on Thursday morning, they would see him safely out of the district.

A mile out of the town the Tramp was talking to a plain clothes man who had a bicycle.

"Will you get on?" the man with the cycle was saying.

"No," said the Tramp.

"Then you will be locked up."

"Very good. Then I will be locked up."

"I have orders to see you to the next village."

"Come with me, then; we can talk."

"Look here, Harry Setjaw. I have a wife and little kid, and I am not going to take any risks."

"I give you my word."

"You shot a man once who was going to give you up."

"He fired at me first." Setjaw's face grew hard. "He would have killed me. I give you my word, officer, that I mean well. I am craving for a little conversation. Someone to talk to, that is all."

"Well then, come on." The officer wheeled his cycle.

They walked for a few hundred yards in silence.

"This is a queer situation," said the policeman at length.

"It is, indeed, very droll," said the tramp. "I suppose," he added, "that at the next villiage it is the duty of the policeman of that place to see me off his premises?"

"Perhaps," said the officer.

"If that man's wife were at all nervous, she would worry the poor fellow out of his sleep and appetite until I had gone. This system of yours is very rough on the village constable."

"It is laborious work," said the officer, still slowly, "but—nothing responsible."

The sun was shining down on them. Overhead a lark was singing. To right and left were fields of growing corn and lengthening grass. In front stretched the long white road. The Tramp looked round him with an appreciation in his eye, and a hard line of each side of his mouth. Then he spoke.

"When I was a boy we had a certain place where we trained our dogs to run. A rabbit was released at a fair distance from the dog, and on a dead line for its home. If the rabbit was game, and ran well, it got to its burrow. If not——— Officer, you are not giving me the chance of that rabbit."

"But the rabbit was not a burglar."

"I have served for that. From the time I came out, I should have been given a fresh chance."

"Yet you might turn burglar again."

"That is just the idiocy of it all. You have no right to think that I might turn burglar again. It is not justice."

The Tramp took off his hat and bowed. The officer stood and watched him until he knew all was well, and then turned for home.

"He's queer, that one," he muttered, as he swung on to his machine.

Meantime the Tramp walked straight on. He had now a wish for silence, and took no heed of the second follower. On and on he walked, under the heat, over many miles of ground. To those who passed he gave no greeting. They gave none to him.

In the afternoon he turned off the great highway along a bridle path that led to the sea. He had gone scarcely a hundred yards along the new road, when a policeman in full uniform stepped from the hedge and barred his way.

"You are off your course," said the law.

"Am I?" said the Tramp.

"You must turn back," said the law.

"I am going to bathe," said the Tramp.

The policeman had never before met a tramp who bathed of his own freewill, and he stared. However, he rose to the occasion.

"I will go with you," he said.

Together they walked to the beach.

"You see, policeman," said the Tramp, when they reached the sand, "bathing, especially sea bathing, sharpens the appetite."

Since morning he had not tasted food or drink, and it was then four o'clock.

"After this swim I am going to have my dinner. By the way, here is twopence. If you care for a drink it will just pay for a glass of good beer."

"Many thanks," said the policeman; and somehow that policeman could say no more, although he declined to take the twopence.

The Tramp quickly unrobed. The policeman turned to go a little distance off.

"Remember the tide is going out," he said as he walked away.

"Thanks," said the Tramp.

Thin and meagre he looked as he stood up without his garments. At one time he had been a powerful athlete. His frame was still there. One quick glance he gave around. A hundred yards off or more, the policeman sat on a boulder. There was no other person in sight. Over the sea, far away, a great steamer was ploughing to the north; not another ship was to be seen. With a run he covered the intervening sand, and in a few moments he was through the breakers, striking out for the open sea on an ebbing tide.

The policeman watched him. He could see the swimmer's head as it rose and fell on the tide. Ten minutes—the swimmer still struck for the open sea. Twenty minutes passed, then half an hour. At the end of an hour it dawned upon the policeman that the Tramp was coming back no more; that a tragedy, grim and silent, had been played out before his eyes.

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THE NEW BOSWELL.—X.

EDITED BY W. M.

THE DOCTOR'S DREAM.

"Sir, I had a dream last night," said Doctor Johnson; charging his churchwarden.

"Ah, that lobster—," I murmured.

"Your feeble jokes are covered with the mould of antiquity," growled the Doctor. "It is true I partook of lobster for supper, but not with such an inordinate appetite as to cause nightmare. My dream was highly interesting, and probably prophetic."

"Perhaps you will oblige me by relating it," I suggested; nware that the great philosopher was already all agog to do so.

"Sir, replenish the bowl, and I will endeavour to appease your curiosity," returned Johnson. "Talking is dry work."

That ancient but serviceable fixture, the waiter at the Mitre Tavern, hastened to bring a fresh supply of liquor; whereupon Johnson settled himself in his favourite pose for narration, and began.

"Sir, it must have been about an hour after midnight, when, musing upon the vanity of human wishes, I fell asleep. How long I slept I know not; but I presently seemed to find myself in the midst of a scene of strange confusion. I was walking down Fleet Street, trying to force my way along the pavement through a jostling crowd of the strangest creatures I had ever seen. No human being beside myself was in sight, but on every hand, filling the roadway and the pavement on each side, were crowds of daily newspapers, weekly publications, monthly magazines, and periodicals of all descriptions. The babble of sounds was deafening, and the scrambling crush of the hurrying papers more distracting than I can describe.

"I recognised in the throng some publications with which I am familiar, but the vast majority were unknown to me. Presently I heard a sound of thunder in the distance, and, looking ahead, beheld the *Times* stalking majestically towards me. It passed frowning, with thundrous rumblings; but I could not gather the sense of what it was saying. Immediately in the wake of the *Times* walked the *Daily Telegraph*, shouting 'Correspondence in the Silly Season thankfully received!' Next followed the *Daily Mail*, screaming 'What we want is a MAN!!' And on its lightsome heels trod the *Daily Express*, howling 'Tariff Reform touches the spot!' The *Daily News* continued the procession, crying 'Drink cocoa and damn the consequences!' A rabble of obscure newspapers brought up the rear, each shouting some unintelligible jargon or other; but, with the exception of the few leading journals, they all looked pale and anæmic, obviously suffering from poor circulation."

Doctor Johnson paused for a moment to re-light his pipe and replenish his glass, and then proceeded with his strange story.

"The procession of daily papers was followed by a mob of weeklies, and when they came abreast of me they fell a-fighting. The air was thick with missiles in the shape of competitions, and it seemed suddenly to dawn upon my inner consciousness that I was witnessing the perpetual battle for the biggest circulation.

"When the strife was at its fiercest a broad shadow fell suddenly upon the combatants. Looking up, I beheld the enormous figure of JOHN BULL approaching. Stepping into the thick of the fight, he threw the puny antagonists aside as if they were so many ninepins, and bestrid Fleet Street like a colossus. 'If you see it in JOHN BULL it IS so,' he roared, in stentorian tones. Then, having cleared a space about him he lifted his mighty voice again, crying '"*Mrs. Bull*" *there's room for you!*' 'I'm coming, my dear,' was the answering cry, and the next instant JOHN BULL was joined by a splendid specimen of British womanhood, who visibly grew before my eyes until her stature was equal to that of JOHN BULL himself. Then I awoke, turned over, and went to sleep again."

"How was the lady dressed?" I asked.

"Sir, I have no eye for the details of feminine attire," replied the Doctor; "let it suffice that she was clad with much good taste, and that she satisfied my sense of the fitness of things."

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—CXI.

THE IRONY OF FATE.

The following seems to us a particularly hard case:—

It is that of a man, 36 years of age, the sole support of his widowed mother and sister. Some few months ago he was run over by a brewer's dray and received serious internal injuries. He has been a total abstainer from alcoholic liquors all his life—hence the sub-title of this paragraph.

After some weeks in hospital, he returned to his home a complete wreck.

A local solicitor took up his case and sued the owners of the dray for damages. The Court awarded the man the small sum of £17. According to a statement of accounts before us, we see that the man received only about £12, the balance going for extra costs. We have satisfied ourselves that the family are practically ruined. Everything has either been pawned or sold, and it is only the matter of a week or so before all three must go into a workhouse, if no help is forthcoming.

Perhaps some of our readers could offer the man light employment, or a little help?

We have received, and duly remitted, the following to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CV.—Shannon, 2s. 6d.; F. J. D., 2s.

CVII.—M. O. B., 2s.; V. S. C., 10s.

CVIII.—T. G. J., 5s.; Pandy Brum, 5s.; J. R., 2s. 6d.; K. and G., 1s.; Sufferer, 3s.; Corn, 2s.; Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; L. K., 1s. A parcel of blankets has also been forwarded.

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POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A KING'S PRIVILEGE.

(*King Alfonso climbed upon the pedestal of a group of statuary in the gardens of La Granja and was photographed posing among the figures, watched by a number of his delighted subjects.*)

How nice to play such kingly pranks
And earn his subjects' praise!
But, should a subject do such things,
Well, *he*'d earn seven days.

A TWISTED PROVERB.

(*Four journalists noting the course of the riots in Berlin were set upon by the police and beaten with sabres.*)

Berlin's police saw red: they smote
The mild newspaper men,
To point the lesson that the sword
Is mightier than the pen.

EFFECT OF THE "SUMMER."

(*Two bottle-nosed sharks have just been caught off the Isle of Wight.*)

Two "bottle-nosed sharks" have been dragged from the tide,
And 'tis hinted, with some show of reason;
They were lodging-house keepers who sought suicide
Through bad trade and the close of the season!

RICARDO.

THE FIRST FERRER ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of the death of Señor Francisco Ferrer is to be observed in this country by the delivery of a memorial address by Mr. Joseph McCabe, at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, to-night (Thursday). Subsequently there will be short speeches by Mr. John Russell, M.A., and Mr. W. Heaford. Admission will be free, and the proceedings will begin at eight o'clock.

MRS. BULL! and husband JOHN!! Now "we *are* a-getting on."

"A.B."—"ABLE-BODIED."

By Burke Bryson.

Many and wonderful are the combinations of letters which, by affixing them to their names, men seek dignity and distinction —K.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., LL.D., and all the rest of them. They look very imposing, no doubt, but what can rival, in dignity or worth, those two letters "A.B.," which are used to proclaim our seamen "able-bodied"?

"Able-bodied." I would rather possess that order of natural honour than all the courtly titles in the world!

I am brought to think (and write) of "A.B.s" chiefly as the result of meeting an old friend, whom I had not seen since he joined the Navy, some fifteen years since. He wears a gold laced uniform now, and doubtless holds rank of some desirable sort; but it was not that that aroused my interest and admiration. Rather was it the dignity of "A.B." which was written large all over his manly, stalwart frame and his open, healthy face.

A Worthy Ambition.

I left him with the feeling that it would be well if more of us had ambition to be classed "A.B."—to become worthy citizens of the Greatest Empire—to be Britons in the full sense of that ancient and glorious name. Ah, me! we are sadly fallen away from those times when the name "Briton" conjured up a stalwart, healthy, and sturdy representative of the race. Our traditional pride in manly strength is fast fading. And yet——

And yet it should not be so. Under modern conditions of life there is unquestionably much to account for the present degeneracy of health; but, equally so, there is much which should make for the maintenance of the traditional physique of the nation. If science has cumbered us with factories and machinery, with new and rapid means of locomotion, with telegraphs and telephones, and a hundred other ingenious appliances for shortening and stultifying life, at least she has compensated us, in some degree, by the provision of newer and better methods of attaining and retaining health. Never has mankind been so fully equipped with both the knowledge and the means to get and to keep health.

No—it is not the fault of Science or Civilisation. They have made it possible for every man, and every woman too, to write "A.B." after their names; if they had the will. But, alack! they have not the will.

The Most Glorious Thing in Life.

Men and women will spend a lifetime in striving for riches and honours; yet scorning to devote any fraction of their time and thought to the lengthening and perfecting of their lives. One would suppose this—the more vital matter—would naturally be placed first, but no. We rarely trouble our heads about the welfare of our bodies until some more than usually acute pain, or ache obliges us to seek out the nearest doctor, and, helplessly place our poor neglected bodies under his care.

To be "able-bodied" is a glorious thing; perhaps *the* most glorious thing in life. The "A.B." man, or woman, alone is able to enter wholly into all the joys and pleasures of living—able to enter enthusiastically into social duties or business and professional work—able almost to command success in every sphere of activity.

Self-Forged Fetters.

What chance does the man possess whose every hour is made wretched by dyspepsia or nervous headache, for instance, against the man who is free to devote his whole thought and his whole energy to the problems of his work or study? It is a case of a fettered man against an unfettered; the former has no chance.

Yet so it is; one half of the population (or more) live in fetters of their own making attempting to succeed in competition with the physically fit. It is too unequal a contest to be adjusted by resort to pills and medicines.

The Necessity for Physical Regeneration.

No—the evil lies deep, and the remedy must be radical. Not physical tinkering, but physical regeneration, is what is required—such regeneration as proper training and exercise can, and does, result in. Few modern achievements, whether of scientific research, or of invention, or discovery, are worthy to rank higher than the success attained by Mr. Sandow in his attempts to teach debilitated and ailing humanity to strengthen the foundation of health *from within*.

Too often people are apt to regard everything associated with Mr. Sandow's name as "something to do with strong men and weight-lifting." No mistake could be more absurd, as anybody might learn from the notices of Mr. Sandow's successes which appear from time to time in the Press. It is Mr. Sandow's ambition to enable every man and woman to write after their names the title of honour which stands at the head of this article —"Able-bodied."

The chronic dyspeptic, the livery subject, the nervous sufferer, the neurasthenic, the hysterical, the sufferer from obesity, the prematurely debilitated—these, and every type of physically unfit, are the men and women whom Mr. Sandow wishes to interest *in themselves*, and to teach them how to accomplish their own physical salvation independently of drugs and quackery.

Legislation for Health.

When I reflect upon what Mr. Sandow has accomplished in this direction, and how much remains to be accomplished before this generation can regard itself as a worthy successor to many hale and hearty generations of Britons which have preceded it, I sigh for legislative power—dictatorial power—that I might publish an Ordinance of Health making it a public duty for every citizen and citizeness to procure and diligently study that one of the little books in Mr. Sandow's "Library of Health" which deals with their own condition—acquiring thereby the first-hand knowledge of himself or herself which modern conditions render it so desirable he or she should possess.

And I would further make it the law of the land that physical unfitness should be regarded as an offence against the traditions, the welfare, and the vital interests of that Greatest Empire whose present wealth, strength, and pre-eminence was made and secured by men and women who, whatever their rank or condition, were first and foremost "A.B."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

As pointed out by Mr. Burke Bryson in the foregoing article, Mr. Sandow's ambition is to enable every man and every woman to write after their names the title of honour which heads the article "A.B."—Able-bodied.

Mr. Sandow's system of Curative Physical Culture has, by virtue of the remarkable success it has and is constantly achieving, become recognised by Medical Men all over the world. The system is founded upon Nature's laws; it is medicineless and does not impose irksome restrictions as to diet. Already Mr. Sandow has passed as "A.B." thousands who, when they sought his advice, were little more than physical wrecks. By following the advice given, their lives have been transformed from one of constant gloom to one radiant with all the joys inseparable from health and vigour. They are now able to take a prominent position in the battle of life, and to win that success, which without vigour, energy, good health and spirits would be denied them.

This being so, it is eminently desirable that all who suffer from enfeebled health and are deprived of not only many of the pleasures of life, but also of achieving that measure of success which with good health would be theirs—such should investigate the possibilities of the Science of Curative Physical Culture for themselves—so desirable, in fact, that arrangements have been made whereby readers of JOHN BULL can secure free a copy of any one of the volumes of Mr. Sandow's Health Library which deals with their particular ailment, and also a personal letter of advice from Mr. Sandow. Therefore all readers who do not enjoy perfect health should at once take advantage of the present opportunity, and write to-day, mentioning this offer in JOHN BULL, to Mr. Sandow, 32, St. James's Street, S.W. If full particulars are given of inquirer's age, occupation, illness or condition from which relief is desired, etc., a letter giving a personal opinion on the case will be sent with the Book.

The volumes in Mr. Sandow's Health Library are as follows—

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4. Nervous Disorders in Men.	16. Functional Defects in Speech
5. Nervous Disorders in Women.	17. Circulatory Disorders.
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Select the book which interests you most and send for it to Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James's Street, S.W.—you can have it free of cost.

MODERN MEN.

VI.—THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

By Mary Meadows.

His numerous detractors are probably quite right in saying that he is "no chicken." But who wants chicken when she can have pheasant—or peacock? He may not be very young, but he makes up so well that few would detect him—at a certain distance. His scanty hair is always beautifully plastered down, like a great wing, all over his head. His moustache is curled at frequent intervals, and you would never guess it was dyed—if only he would restrict himself to cold drinks!

I give him another ten years before he becomes ridiculous in the *rôle* of a beau. If he only has a little money left, he may still cause hearts to flutter when he reaches three score years and ten. As it is, he is still very popular with borderland ladies, who are just not smart enough to see through his pretence of smartness.

What gives him away most is his voice. I used to wish he would talk naturally. Then I reflected that thus he would probably be worse. Indeed, I once came very near to an audition of his unadulterated accents. I suppose he had mixed his liquors rather more freely than usual. But it is not fair to criticise a man when he is confiding enough to be tipsy in your presence. As to his usual, social, go-to-meeting voice, it is a really remarkable blend. Originally, in the 'eighties, it must have been adapted from the ladida, crutch-and-toothpick, heavy swell (oh! these Victorian adjectives!) drawl.

Don't think I am running him down. I confess it is bad taste, but I really rather like him, although (perhaps because) I see through him. What amuses me most is to watch him cocking the eye of conquest when he is introduced to a pretty girl. It is rather yellow, watery, even bloodshot, that glittering globe; but it seems as confident as that of an octopus.

One thing I will say for him: he is vastly polite. I must say "vastly" because that conveys exactly the period to which his manners might belong. They are at once overdone and underdone.

No one knows exactly whence he came, or when. He will fill you up with pedigrees and the peregrinations of his old county family, and the hounds with which he has hunted and so forth. But I never heard of anyone meeting any of his relations or seeing him on horseback. He is very skilful in turning the conversation away from schooldays or universities, for a lie would not stand cross-examination there.

He first began to cut a dash (as he would phrase it) after marrying a rich widow. But even then he never mentioned her or took her about. Now that she has no money left, it is of course natural that she should remain in a remote suburb and provide dinner for him on the rare occasions when he condescends to return from his club. I can picture his evenings at home in my mind's eye—his curses at the cooking and the stertorous snores with which he must sleep off the fumes of whisky.

He is essentially a club-man. I never met a club-man before, though I have read about him in books. I should not wonder if he were one of the rare few who breakfast at "the" club. He receives all his letters there, transacts all his business, reads all the newspapers and new novels, has all his meals unless he has contrived to cadge one by clinging to a friend, makes himself very engaging to any other club-man who seems likely to buy him whisky. That at least is the report of his dearest friend, who has a sharp tongue.

He has few friends, but millions of acquaintances; he magnifies an intimacy by alluding to people by their Christian names when he has only met them once; he even manufactures pet-names, and it would not surprise me to hear him gossiping about "my old pal, Artie Balfour" or "dear old Archie Rosebery."

On the whole he has a very good time. But I was sorry for him once, when he thought somebody had cut him. He looked as much ashamed of himself as a beaten dog. I expect there is some skeleton far away at the back of his cupboard.

(Mary Meadows will be a regular contributor to "Mrs. Bull.")

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

Can you tell your readers the age and the ability for work of Master Fischer, one of the Lunacy Commissioners?

What will the sum of 18s. (eighteen shillings) put out at 15 per cent. *compound* interest amount to in 100 years?

Which are the three largest shipping ports in the world, and what is their tonnage?

Is Ireland represented on the Union Jack? Explain which cross it is.

Please give me the correct date of the release from gaol of John Lee—the man they could not hang.

Will you kindly tell me the average age the working man dies?

Could you kindly inform me as to the French law with regard to titles of nobility in France?

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Now, we are not of an ungrateful disposition. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and one good turn deserves another. We *must* have that Million Circulation—whatever it costs to acquire it (once obtained, it will be *our* fault if we do not keep it). To secure it, we are spending Thousands of Pounds on Advertising. Look at our wonderful Posters! We are also endeavouring to give our readers good value for money. That, of course, is the main consideration. Well, *Christmas is coming*, and ON CHRISTMAS EVE WE WILL DISTRIBUTE

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DECEMBER 20th,

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We cannot enter into correspondence with individual readers respecting this scheme, nor can we send parcels of specimen copies for distribution by competitors.

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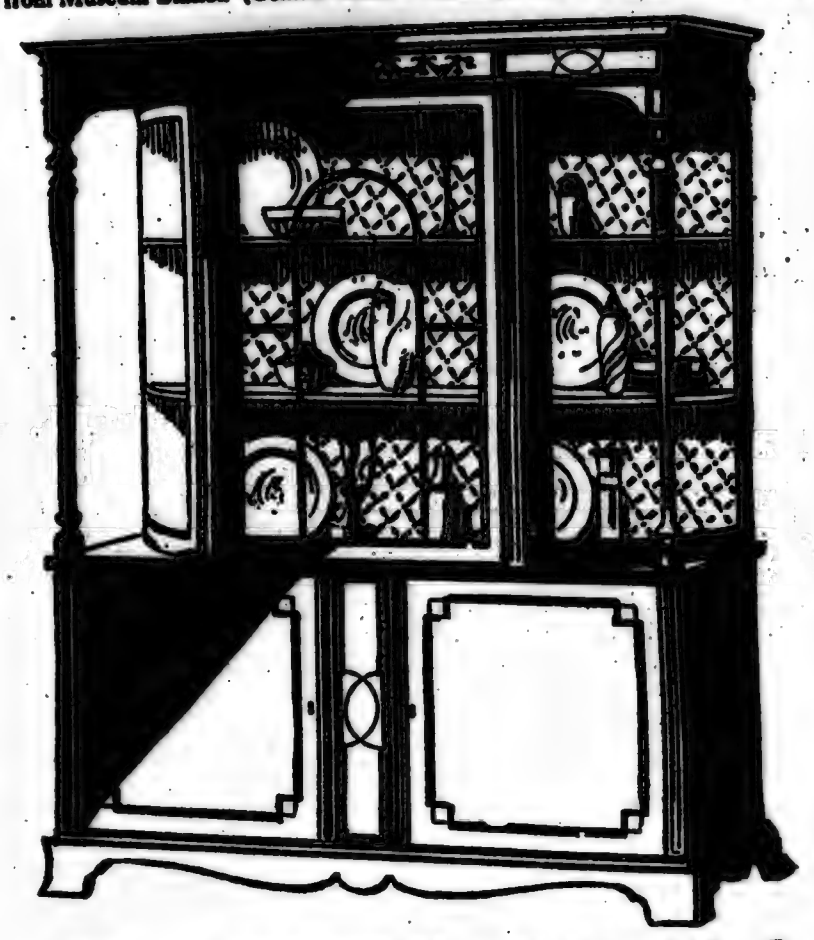

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OPEN LETTERS AND POSTCARDS.

To D. Lleufer Thomas, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, Pontypridd.

Sir,—One expects a little more common sense and little more breadth of view from a Stipendiary than from the ordinary Justice of the Peace. I am, therefore, disappointed to note that, commenting on an application for a licence by a man who had been the Lodge Secretary of the Miners' Federation, you stated you were only voicing the opinion of the licensing authorities in saying you viewed such applications with disfavour. "It is not regarded as quite in the interest of public safety," you went on to say, "that men who had gained the confidence of their fellows in their Federation capacity should utilise that confidence by taking licensed premises." Pray, why, good sir? Do you mean that the more confidence such a man enjoys among his fellows, the worse is probably his character? If you don't, what do you mean? Surely a man of character is just the man to hold a licence; and, character admitted, is not an ex-miners' official as likely to make as respectable and law-abiding a publican as, say, an ex-policeman, or an ex-cricketer, or even an ex-stipendiary? Drop this clap-trap. John Bull.

To the Rev. Silvester Horne, M.P., Whitfield's Tabernacle, London.

Dear Horne,—Are you not a little hysterical about the proposal to rate Whitfield's Tabernacle? No doubt there was a time when the Tabernacle was a church, but for some years it has been only a political platform. It is apparently the belief of the Borough Council that Whitfield's is no more entitled to escape rating than any other building not solely devoted to religious worship, and I really do not see how anybody who has his own share of rates to pay can quarrel with that opinion. A man does not go to church to have party politics rammed down his throat, more especially if he disagrees with them. You turn the Tabernacle into a hall for political and teetotal lectures, delivered in the spirit of the bitterest partisan, and when the local Council wants to rate it, you turn round and say you are engaged in the worship of God and that "the worst vested interests" are putting a padlock on the lips of the Church of Christ.

That, my dear Horne, is simply humbug. In Parliament you have all the licence of the politician; in the pulpit you must accept all the limitations of the parson. Political propaganda carried on from the pulpit is an abuse of the spiritual office. Besides, you now have full opportunity, as a member of Parliament, to do political work. Set about it. John Bull.

To the Chairman, Fire Brigade Committee, L.C.C., London.

Sir,—I need not, of course, draw your attention, as a matter of news, to the fact that a £750 motor car, the property of the ratepayers, and bought with the object of enabling the officials of the Fire Brigade to get about their duties with the least possible delay, was recently towed into the headquarters of the Brigade at Southwark a hopeless wreck; you will have heard this already. For the purposes of answering any questions in Council which you might be asked, I do not doubt that you inquired how this valuable piece of animated ironmongery had arrived in this condition. What the explanation was, as given to you, sir, I do not know. As given to me, it is that a certain assistant Divisional Officer, to wit, Lieutenant H. Spencer, R.N., of the Kennington Fire Station, was chauffeuring a lady through Surrey on this beautiful and luxurious car (property of the ratepayers, as aforesaid), when something went wrong with the works, a bust up or a break down, or something of that kind, and the thing had to be towed home considerably worse for wear and tear. In case you have to get up on your hind legs to mention the facts in this luminous episode, do you mind stating by whose authority that young blood of the Fire Brigade chanced to be careering about with a lady in that motor car for all the world as if it were his own? I do not wish to discourage either this young gentleman's enthusiasm for motoring, or that of any other official of the Fire Brigade, but you will be good enough to inform him that out of official hours I much prefer he should indulge it at his own expense, or at any rate not at mine. It cannot be too clearly understood that the ratepayers of London do not buy £750 motor cars as toys for officials of the Fire Brigade to play with. John Bull.

To Bailie Ferguson, Motherwell, Scotland.

Dear Cadi,—You will recall that you recently attracted my attention by a sentence of three months' imprisonment with hard labour which you passed on a man convicted for betting in the streets. The man having been liberated by the Court of Session—pending an appeal against what is alleged to be a harsh, excessive, and oppressive sentence, amounting to a miscarriage of—justice I do think you might have the decency to keep your mouth shut about the case till it is finally disposed of. But here you are, jumping up on public platforms and attacking this man because he is a Roman Catholic.

The remarks you made at a meeting the other Sunday are characteristic of your oratorical violence. What did you find with regard to Roman Catholics as bookmakers? you asked. "At Craigneuk, Wishaw and Carfin you will find that the chief bookmakers are Roman Catholics who are corrupting and misleading the youth of this Protestant nation. . . . Next to the Creator, nobody knows better than I do about their respectability. Who are the six convicted for Wishaw? Nothing but Roman Catholics." This is flagrant and scandalous in a magistrate. One of the averments of the appeal, sir, is that you sent this Carfin bookmaker to gaol for three months with hard labour out of malice because he is a Roman Catholic—you being the bitterest and most intolerant of the Protestant propagandists in your district. You are labouring to prove the accusation to the letter; you are unfit to be entrusted with the functions and powers of magistracy, for you have vindictively punished a man, not for his offence, but for his religion. This, sir, is not only contempt of law and justice, but contempt of free citizenship—only less thorough than my contempt for you. John Bull.

To Rev. H. E. Jennings, St. Clement's, East Dulwich.

Rev. Sir,—I note you have refused to publish the banns for a young lady because she has not been baptised. This puzzled me at first, because no one has ever suggested that banns are a sacrament or even a service; they are merely a legal formality. Now I find you plead that, being unbaptised, she does not properly possess a Christian name, and therefore can only be described as "the daughter of So-and-so." This is a new form of arrogance, and strikes me as somewhat illogical. What about surnames? They are not conferred ecclesiastically, and therefore, according to your theories, ought not to be mentioned in church. Again, I don't think much of your Trade Union analogy. If the Church of England is in the position of an Union, whose members alone are entitled to the privilege of a marriage ceremony, how do you come to accept the baptism of Nonconformists, who, in your eyes, are certainly blacklegs? And here is another point: a marriage in a registry office is in your eyes no marriage at all; do you then condemn all unbaptised persons to what you must consider a life of adultery? John Bull.

To the Chairman of the Taunton Borough Magistrates.

Sir,—A few days ago William Bucknell, a labourer, and Alice Jorden, a married woman, were charged before you with having been guilty of misconduct in Vivary Walk. The landlord of the Three Mariners Inn swore that the male defendant was in his house at the time when he was alleged to have committed the offence. The Sergeant who prosecuted had to admit that the female defendant bore a high character. She is married, has a large family, her husband is in constant work, and there has never been a breath of suspicion against her until she was charged with the offence you had to try. Both defendants went into the box and denied guilt, and the statement of the one policeman was without corroboration of any sort or kind. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that you and your fellow-magistrates dismissed the charge. It *is* surprising that in doing so you said "there was grave suspicion," but you had decided to give the defendants the benefit of the doubt. And it is still more surprising that you made them pay the costs, amounting altogether to £1 2s. 6d. I venture to say, without hesitation, that, apart from the policeman's evidence, there was not a shred of proof that they were guilty of the offence with which they were charged, and since you yourself admitted there was not evidence sufficient to convict, upon what possible ground do you make them pay costs, and send a decent woman home with the slur of doubt upon her character? John Bull.

Other journals may be shady; MRS. BULL is quite the lady.

ANOTHER THREATENED THRONE.

KING ARTHUR: "I wonder if it's *my* turn next!"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

Sharp Recovery in Rubbers Causes a General Revival—Revolution in Portugal Disregarded by Markets—Gold from Brazil—Home Rails and Canadas Rise—Oil Shares, Kaffirs and Rhodesians Rally.

A great improvement has taken place in the position on the Stock Exchange, despite the revolution in Portugal, and there is now a fair prospect of October still ushering in that active business period which is considered one of the features of this season of the year. As far as can be gathered at present, the Republic is already well established in Portugal, and the downfall of the House of Braganza leaves the world distinctly indifferent. On the other hand, the advance in the London Bank rate has proved very effective in that it has secured to the Bank of England the bulk of the gold consignments from South Africa and in attracting a million or two of the precious metal from Brazil, which, by the way, will come not a moment too soon in the face of the strong demand from Egypt. There is an abundance of available funds in the market, and now that the Rubber slump is over, and, as I anticipated, a strong recovery has placed values of Rubber shares on a much higher level, the other departments of the Stock Exchange are also improving. The settlement of the lock-out in the Lancashire cotton industry encourages the hope that the other labour troubles will now also disappear, and Home Rails are advancing all round. This was bound to happen sooner or later, and I have for some time drawn attention to the advantage of investment in these stocks. The market for Foreign Government stocks has hardly been affected by the Portuguese *coup d'état*, except perhaps that business on the Continental bourses was temporarily curtailed. Of course, the "Bears" tried to turn it to account, and when they saw the effect fading away, they spread last Saturday the rumour that Greece had recalled her Minister from Constantinople. This caused a short-lived relapse, but the report was promptly contradicted. The Oil share market was for a time disturbed by the Standard Oil Trust's bluffing, but the hollowness of this last desperate attempt of the Trust to recover lost ground is now fully exposed, and more especially as the complete safety from the Trust's machinations of the producing companies in Russia, and especially on the Maikop field, is fully established. Kaffirs and Rhodesians are developing more cheerful tendencies, and should move up more steadily now that the Paris bourse is reassured. The Yankee market has been supported remarkably well by the Wall Street wire-pullers, considering the various difficulties yet to be encountered in politics and Supreme Court judgments. *Canadian Pacifics* are buoyant on the promise by the president, made at the Montreal meeting, that the shareholders shall benefit more largely by the revenue from the brilliant land sales. I have all along recommended investment in this stock, even when it was depressed to 182, and I now anticipate a considerable further rise on the present price of 200. I also anticipate, barring accidents, a general revival in the Stock markets in the next account.

The Fall in India Stocks—The Pick of the Gilt-edged Market—A Hint to Investors.

The decline in Consols has been so sensational of late that the comparatively greater fall in India stock has passed almost unnoticed. Yet the latter is startling enough to cause much disquiet in this country, where, of course, Indian securities are chiefly held, and there can be little doubt but that the fall is due chiefly to the political unrest in India, and not to any deterioration in financial and commercial conditions in our great Dependency. The Government stocks have chiefly suffered, as will be gathered from the following table illustrating the course of quotations since the high-water mark of 1897 :—

	Highest, 1897.	Lowest, 1904.	Highest, 1909.	Highest, 1910.	Present Prices.
India 3½ per cent.	122½	102	100½	98½	93½
India 3 per cent.	115½	93½	90½	85½	80½
India 2½ per cent.	99½	78½	76	70½	67½

It will be seen that present quotations constitute practically a low record, so that, from the investor's point of view, India stocks, which are of the highest status, and now yield up to 3¾ per cent. per annum, constitute the pick of the gilt-edged bunch, despite the further borrowing operations which will take place shortly. Indian Railway stocks have also suffered along with the Government issues, and substantial yields, ranging up to about 5 per cent. per annum, are obtainable thereon, although in their case allowance must be made for ultimate extinction or redemption at par. Apart from politics, the outlook in India is very bright, in view of the excellent crops, while the revenue returns are already ahead of the estimates, and foreshadow a considerable surplus. Moreover, the trade returns for the four months ended July 31, 1910, show a balance in favour of India of £8,145,835, and the railways are naturally amongst the first to feel the benefits of the improved crop and trade position.

A Rally in Home Rails—Improvement in Labour Outlook Acts as Support.

I have for some time been speaking very hopefully of Home Railway stocks for investment, and those who have chosen to disregard the labour troubles have been able to make excellent purchases. For instance, when I published a yield table, on August 13th, Great Eastern were to be obtained at 64, while in the last few days, on the settlement of the lock-out in the cotton trade (which raises hopes of other difficulties also being adjusted), this stock has recovered to 67½. Midland Deferred are up from 61½ to 63¼, Great Northern Deferred from 45¼ to 49⅛, etc. The following table, brought up to date from August 8th, shows an almost uniform improvement, especially when it is considered that, in many instances, dividends were deducted after that date :—

	Dividend 1909-1910.	Price, Aug. 8.	Price, Oct. 10.	Yield per cent. per ann. £ s. d.
Barry Ord.	6½	150	157*	4 6 0
Central London	3	68	65*	4 12 3
Great Central 1881 Pref.	5	107	105*	4 15 3
Great Eastern	2½	64	67½	4 5 3
Great Northern Def.	1½ (a)	45¼	49⅛	3 10 3
Hull and Barnsley	3½	67½	69½*	5 4 0
Lancashire and Yorkshire	4	90½	91½	4 8 0
L. and S. W. Ord.	6	141	140*	4 5 9
Brighton Ord.	5½	111	111*	4 13 9
London Tlb. and Southend	6½	123	125*	4 18 9
Metropolitan	2½	38½	39	3 4 0
Midland Def.	3	61½	63½*	4 14 9
North Eastern	6	130½	130½*	4 12 6
Rhymney Ord.	9½	205	198*	4 16 0
South Eastern Ord.	3	76	78*	3 17 0
North Western	6½	136½	131½*	4 11 9
Great Western	5½	123	123½*	4 9 0

(a) for 1909. *xd.

Traffics have, moreover, been very good, and there is a prospect of an improvement in the rates for the whole year 1910 of ¼ per cent., in some cases even ½ per cent. Gross traffics show well, and great efforts are still being made to reduce working expenses. Great Eastern, Midland Deferred, Great Northern Deferred, and Brighton "A" are at present the favourites. Then, with regard to Brighton "A," the working of the first half of 1910 has already yielded an extra ¼ per cent. for this stock, and for the current half-year an increase of £19,300 is shown, which may easily be made up to £40,000 in the last three months, a figure that will work out to ½ or ⅝ increase on the 1909 rate of 4 per cent. That would mean a yield of from 5 to 5½ per cent. per annum on the present price of 91. Not a bad return that, with the success of the electrification of the South London line and next year's Pageant of Empire at the Crystal Palace thrown in.

David Young Rubber Estates—An Early Producer.

Very favourable advices have come to hand of late with regard to British Guiana as a rubber producer, but *facile princeps* are undoubtedly David Young Rubber Estates Limited. The trees are ready for tapping, and, according to the *Daily Argosy*, of Demerara, of September 13th, the systematic tapping of the Sapium Jermanii trees with patent knives will be commenced as soon as the 200 knives shipped from London come to hand. This will be the first time that systematic tapping with these up-to-date knives has been attempted in the Colony, and shipments of rubber will immediately follow. My contemporary adds that matters continue to go prosperously at this property, and that the 515 acres wanted to make up the freehold of 1,000 acres granted to the Company by the Government in August, are to be surveyed at once by Mr. E. A. Haynes, Government surveyor, and at the earliest possible moment development work will be proceeded with. These shares have advanced to 2s. 7½d. per 2s. share, and are expected to go much better.

Rubber Exploration Company.

In view of the large holding of David Young Rubber shares by the Rubber Exploration Company, the shares of the latter, now split into 2s. shares, are advancing at 1s. 1½d. to 1s. 4½d., equivalent to 12s. 6d. for the undivided share, and will doubtless rise to a higher level.

Smart Recovery in Rubber and Rubber Shares—The Bears Pickled—Jelutong.

The remarkable *volte face* which occurred in the rubber

For Women's wrongs and Women's rights, see MRS. BULL on Tuesday nights.

share market during the second half of last week shows that, as usual, the Bears have overshot their mark. The rumours of serious financial troubles at home and abroad have come to naught, and, as had been anticipated, it only require some buying on the part of consumers to send rubber prices up again. Among active Malayan shares, *Linggis*, *Vallambrosas*, and *Anglo-Malays* have been in the van of the fluctuations. *London Asiatics* strengthened at the last, and *Labu* finally rallied. The Mincing Lane operators have indeed engineered the market very cleverly, after having allowed the ursine party to increase their commitments to their hearts' content, and now we have *Linggis* up again at 48s. 6d., after having touched 40s., and other leading shares also from 3s. to 8s. above the lowest, while the £1 shares have rallied from ½ to £2, *Vallambrosa* being again at 43s. 6d., *Highlands* at 5⅞, *Bukit Rajah* at £16¼, *Selangor* at 3⅜, etc. Of course, the lower-priced shares are following at a respectful distance, but some of these are undoubtedly cheap, such as, for instance, *David Young* at 2s. 7½d., and., with additional shipments, *Madagascar Prefs.* are recovering at 1½ premium, *Jequié* at 4s., and *Crude Rubber Washing* £1 shares, 15s. paid, at ⅝—¾ premium, are also bracing up. With the recovery in the price of rubber, these shares obviously are becoming more valuable. Fine hard Para rubber, which had at one time fallen to 5s. 7d., is up again at 7s., it would appear that the Bears had also committed themselves in this commodity. By the way, a correspondent asks what Jelutong Rubber-Gum really is used for? In Malaya, where it is collected, jelutong is chiefly used for "bird lime," and similar sticky purposes. Only a very small percentage of the mass has a rubber-like appearance, but from 9,371,000 lbs. in 1901, the imports into the United States have increased to over 50,000,000 lbs. this year. Is all this used for the adulteration of Para rubber, and if so, will American rubber goods, so adulterated, not suffer severely in the estimation of users? This, however, is a digression. With regard to Rubber shares, it is interesting to note that very considerable buying orders are being received from the Far East, which is the best proof that the Rubber crisis in Shanghai, Singapore, etc., is finally over. Paris, too, is a buyer again. After the severe shakeout the market is undoubtedly in a strong position, and as shares in the leading Malay companies can still be bought to yield from 10 to 15 per cent. per annum, our own investors are also picking up bargains.

The Oil War and the Future of the Oil Share Market—Standard Oil Trust's Last Effort—Maikop Field Altogether Unaffected.

The chief topic of conversation and of comments in the Press, as regards Oil and Oil shares, has been the egregious ultimatum issued by the Standard Oil Trust, and its desperate effort to bluff. It had at one time, unfortunately, the effect of depressing the Oil share market quite unduly, the Trust being helped by some sensational, if ignorant, comments in the Press, but there has since been ample contradiction of the fears which have been expressed that the English and European companies generally would suffer from the oil war, which has now been initiated, and which will really recoil upon the Standard Oil Trust itself. As Messrs. H. S. Stoneham put it in their interesting letter to clients, the Trust is entering upon the campaign with the idea of demoralising the kerosene position still further, in the hope that it will strike at such companies as the Shell Transport. This, however, the Standard Oil will be unable to do, because there will be a demand for all the petrol that can be produced. Again, with regard to Russian Oil companies, the Secretary of the Spies Petroleum Company (Mr. H. G. Trew) states that none of the companies recently floated intend to refine their oil, but propose to sell the crude article to the various refiners established in Russia, so that the refiners must come into the market as purchasers of the crude oil destined for refining. The American Trust cannot compete in Russia with the home products there, in view of the cost of freight, and the enormous import duties on crude oil and products. The Trust will, moreover, get very little sympathy from the Russian Government, which, on the contrary, will strongly defend its own producers. This applies more particularly to the Maikop field, and the decline in Maikop shares, more particularly, was altogether absurd. It is, however, now being recovered, and we shall soon have these shares at higher prices again. I am still of opinion that Black Sea Oilfields Prefs. are very cheap at 1⅛; Anglo-Maikop ¼ premium, London and Maikop at par, Maikop Premier at 15-16, and Maikop Valley Prefs. at ¼ discount, are the best to buy, and are remarkably good value through the recent relapse. Egyptian Oil shares have been in strong demand, on rumours of favourable developments at Jemsah. Oil Development Trust are also recovering again at 2s. 9d. to 3s., at which they are a good purchase, in view of their valuable properties. The worst seems to be over as far as the attack on Shell Transports is concerned, as these have recovered from 78s. to 81s. 9d., and Spies Petroleum are also recovering at 24s. Maikop Spies at 14s. 6d. It may be useful to mention from a table supplied by Messrs. Stoneham and Company that the Maikop companies which have struck oil are the Black Sea Oilfields in three plots, the Maikop Producers in one plot, and the Maikop Spies in another plot, while ten other English companies are drilling wells. Oil has, however, also been struck on other plots owned by Russian and German syndicates. Finally, all the indications are in favour of an enormous growing demand for oil for railways, navies and mercantile marines, and industrial purposes, and the production, moreover, now spread all over the world, is such that it can no longer be monopolised, even by the Standard Oil Trust. By the way, the issue of quite a number of prospectuses of new oil companies has been delayed by the action of the Standard Oil Trust, which is precisely what was aimed at, but they will doubtless be floated eventually. Two Burmah oil companies are on the stocks, one an amalgamation—the British Burmah Petroleum Company, with a share capital of 2½ millions sterling and a debenture issue, the other the Anglo-Burmah Oil Company, capital £500,000. Then there is the Suez Oil Company, with a capital of £120,000, the Scottish Mexican Oil Company, with a capital of £35,000, and the Trinidad Mayaro Oil Company, with a capital of £105,000. Two Roumanian oil companies and several Maikop companies are also ready for flotation.

Kaffirs and Rhodesians Rallying, in Sympathy with the Sharp Recovery in Rubber Shares—Kaffirs Steady on the Labour Return—Rhodesians More Active.

The Rhodesian market is now rallying very steadily, in view of favourable developments reported, amongst which is the announcement of a great improvement in the Southern Rhodesia figures, the administrative return of the Chartered Company showing an increase of £71,000 for the six months ended September 30th, as compared with the corresponding period last year. Chartered are thereupon somewhat firmer at 1⅛. Tanganyika are also on the up-grade at 6⅝, and there are ever-recurring rumours that Globe and Phœnix are going to have another rise. Rhodesia Exploration are still dull, and Rhodesian Bankets have reacted to 1 13-16, Shamva Trust at 2½. Some important advices are expected in the near future from several mines now being opened up by the Rhodesia Exploration Company. Discoveries have also been made near the Tuli River in the South Gwanda district, where a large body of schist ore has been discovered, while rich quartz has been struck on the Eagle "A" Block in the Shangani district. Very rich ore is also reported in the Selukwe district by the Oceana Consolidated. Again, the Star of the Congo Railway has now reached the Star of Congo Mine, some 300 miles having been constructed, of which half is in Congo territory. The Hay mine, of the London and Rhodesia Mining and Land Company (Weil group) is described as looking well, and so is the Lonely Mine. Turning to the Kaffir Circus, we find that the latest labour native news has created a favourable impression. According to private news there has been a net decrease of 212, but this was due chiefly to a wastage of 1,674 on the Premier Diamond Mines, while the Gold Mines show an increase of 1,412, which is very satisfactory. The September gold output of the Rand, moreover, shows another high record. The September return of the Bantjes Mine, showing a profit of £3,593, is considered very satisfactory, and the shares have recovered to 2 1-16. It is reported that Mr. Abe Bailey is preparing a tin flotation.

Mission and Finance.

With a printed heading, "The Cuba Christian Mission. Hon. Directors: Wm. C. Minifie, F.R.S.I.; Rev. Geo. F. Stokes, D.D., Winthrop, Mass., U.S.A.; Hon. Secretary, Rev. E. Theodore Beckett, A.R.S.I., 21, Lloyd Square, London, W.C.," Dr. Minifie, who hails from "Brentwood," East End Road, East Finchley, N., recommends investment in the Buena Vista Fruit Company, offices John Hancock Building, 49, Federal Street, Boston, Mass. The special attraction is that "for cash payments amounting to 460 dols. you can secure title to a one-acre orange and grape fruit grove, including ten years' care by the company, with a value at the end of the ten year period of from $2,000 and $3,000, and yielding a net income of at least $1,000; profits begin the fourth year."

An attractively got-up pamphlet gives further illustrated

Men's misdeeds and husbands' warnings—MRS. BULL on Tuesday mornings.

particulars of the company's lands and orange trees, and you are asked to send cheques for your investments to Dr. Minifie, crossed "London City and Midland Bank, Weston-super-Mare," the company's British bank. There are, however, some very striking omissions in the information vouchsafed in the circular and pamphlet—viz., no addresses are given of either of the trustees, etc., no London office, bank or person is mentioned as reference or security. There appears to be no security for the money, no representative committee of shareholders, no accounts or balance sheet, no books open for inspection—everything appears to be in Boston or Cuba. What possible redress would an investor have, and who would be responsible for the money?

These are very serious omissions. As Dr. Minifie is apparently a missionary, he perhaps is not aware of the responsibility he incurs by soliciting money from British investors in this Cuban enterprise. But he ought to proceed in a businesslike way and supply the above information, failing which no sane person would put his money up, apart altogether from the bad taste of mixing up mission work with such business negotiations. It appears that lectures are given at Court Café, 58, Finsbury Pavement, of a missionary nature, thus combining religion with an exposition of Cuban soil and of the profits on oranges—a combination of singularly bad taste.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, John Bull, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

Kaffirs, Etc.—F. C.—Prefer Village Deep amongst the Kaffirs named, and instead of the others Randfontein Central would be preferable. I do not like the last-mentioned Industrials. Isabella, G. M., A. E. D.—Not only is there no market, but the concern does not even appear in the usual books of reference. I am sorry, therefore, I cannot advise you on the matter.

Trunk Operator.—Worried (Swansea).—It seems to me that you are trying to get out of a moral, if not legal, obligation. The brokers appear to be justified in the course they adopted with regard to closing the account, and it is only a question of you or your brother being liable for the differences. If you have admitted that the purchase was made on your account, even if it was in the name of your brother, I do not see how you can escape liability.

Measures Bros.—M. F. S.—As you are willing to take so much trouble in the matter, you should circularise your fellow-shareholders, with a view to submitting the proposed memorial to the Board of Trade. You can get the list from Somerset House.

Rubbers.—Ravenslea.—(1) 25 per cent. in July. (2) That depends upon the value of the shares. (3) No market yet.

Outside Brokers.—R. A. Y.—An outside firm of a very dubious type; have nothing to do with them. Novice.—I do not advise dealing with outsiders, and in your position, especially, you would be well advised to keep your money at the P.O. Savings Bank. G. S.—These people are quite right, but you should not deal with outsiders, either stockbrokers or racing touts. Better keep your money at the P.O. Savings Bank. Rechin.—These people are outside brokers and obviously are not philanthropists. They cannot possibly make good their guarantee against loss, and I strongly advise you to have nothing to do with them. A. G. W.—(1) Circularising outside brokers of the usual run of these people. (2) No, I do not think that they can or will carry out their promises. (3) I advise you to have nothing to do with them.

Oil Shares.—W. L. (Highgate).—I do not particularly care for these Oil shares, and if you are desirous of increasing your holdings, you should do so in, for instance, Anglo-Maikops or Black Sea Prefs.—E. T.—You have no option but to pay up the calls. Even if you forfeited the shares, you would still be liable. Sutton.—Everything depends upon the upshot of the fight between the Standard and the Anglo-Mexican Oil interests in Mexico, but the latter are making fair headway, and it would be worth while holding the shares for an improvement. Heddl.—They look fairly cheap, but everything depends now upon the outcome of the struggle between the Standard Oil and its adversaries. Everyone, of course, is wishing for the latter to win. T. W. L.—I must refer you to my articles, where I am keeping my readers posted with regard to prospective important new oil undertakings. A. T. H. S.—(1) I am doubtful whether you can prove this. (2) If you do so your legal liability would not be limited to the 3d. per share. They can come down on you for any or all of the legal costs. (3) If you can prove this, which you might find a costly process

Lever Bros.—Paulo.—A fair Industrial holding, but not without a certain speculative element.

Broker.—G. J., J. D.—What you ask for has been forwarded in your envelope.

Municipal Co.—Future.—Why did you not consult me before making this purchase? I do not like the concern, and you would find it a very difficult task to sell, if you desired to.

Small Investment.—R. A. M.—You would be better advised to put your money into sound securities. Amongst these, the best things going at present are the 3½ per cent. issues of India, Western Australia, and Newfoundland, which offer a yield of about 3¼ to 3¾ per cent. per annum. J. L. S. (Rotherham).—See reply to "R. A. M."

Gas Stocks.—Progress.—They would be a good investment, if it were not for the fact that they are not quoted on the Stock Exchange. There is thus no free market, a consideration which must not be lost sight of.

Berkbeck.—A. B. C.—No doubt the Society is only acting according to its rules, with which you should be acquainted. I should think it would be worth while paying the sum in question in advance, in the circumstances.

Garage Bell.—Nate.—No market has yet been made in these motor cab shares, and a sale would be a matter of negotiation. Why not advertise them in the daily press?

Five Investments.—Master Mariner.—All good investments, and no particular reason for selling the bank shares, No. 1, as the probability of a call being made is very remote indeed. Yes, deal through a broker instead of a bank. You will find it cheaper and much more expeditious.

Consols, Etc.—Chrysanthemum.—(1) It is very difficult to advise with regard to Consols, as so much depends upon the monetary outlook. I cannot, however, advise you to sell at such a big loss, although I do not look for much of an improvement this side of the new year. (2) These Rhodesian shares will go better when the market generally braces up again. (3 and 4) Hold Home Rails, which market looks very promising at present. (5) Sumatra Para are amongst the good-class Rubbers, and should also be kept now.

Rhodesia Consols.—W. J. F.—Such shares only move when the market is active. They are of 10s. each, 9s. 6d. paid, and are quoted at about 6s. 6d. It should be worth while keeping them for the Rhodesian market revival.

Whitable Shares.—Shell.—My invariable rule is to advise my readers to put their money into securities in which there is a free market, so that they can always realise again, when occasion requires. That is not the case with these shares. If the company has paid no dividend for the last two years it must be on the downgrade, and I cannot see how they are worth their face value.

Ashanti Goldfields.—F. C. S.—The West African market has been under a cloud of late, and that, together with forced realisations, accounts for the fall in Ashanti Goldfields. Do not sell now, but if the price goes still lower, it would be worth while averaging your holding.

Money Under Will.—Muerio.—I should advise you to lay the facts before the U.S. Consulate, the offices of which are at New Broad Street, London, E.C., and they might put you in communication with a suitable firm of attorneys in the States to take up the matter.

Higgs' Dairy Co.—J. J. M.—I cannot give you any hope of recovering any of the money put into this concern, which is so obscure that it does not even appear in the usual books of reference. To take legal proceedings against the directors would probably only mean throwing good money after bad.

Bank Shares.—Cheltonian.—These are, of course, quite sound, but instead of increasing your holding, why not put the money into leading Home Rails, which offer the greatest attractions at the present time? As regards a building society, either the Birkbeck or the Temperance should answer your purpose.

Rhodesians.—S. H. (Sheffield).—The change in title having been agreed to by the majority of the shareholders, you have no option but to acquiesce.

Valueless Gold Mines.—Amateur.—There is no quotation for any of the mining shares mentioned. The companies are either dead or moribund. No. 8 is still working, and has paid small dividends, but its shares are also practically unrealisable.

Kent Coal.—A. L. E.—I do not advise purchase of the shares in question until, at any rate, tangible progress in the shape of actual coal production is shown.

Building Society.—Reginald.—It is not advisable to put all your eggs into one basket, and instead of buying any more of these building society shares, you should put the money into sound securities, in which you can get an equal, if not better, yield, and can realise more quickly, should the need arise.

Obscure Concerns.—E. P. (Salop).—There is no market value for either of the two obscure concerns in question. (1) The last accounts issued were for 1905, showing a total expenditure on options to that date of £19,214. (2) No information whatever available.

Electricity Prefs.—Albion.—The keen competition has much affected this company's profits, and I think it would be advisable to get rid of the Preference shares, on which no dividend has been paid since October, 1906. The shares are quoted 1½ to 2.

Premium Bonds.—T. C. M.—These firms are not reliable, as they generally recommend doubtful bonds with good ones, and, moreover, charge far above the market price. If you wish to deal in this class of bonds, you should do so with a respectable firm of foreign bankers in London, who make a speciality of the business, and whose name I will send you if you wish it. M. W. (Staffordshire).—Same reply.

Income Tax.—L. L. B.—I am of opinion that the surveyor's claim is perfectly correct according to the law.

Small Spec.—Dalbaida.—The amount is really too small for speculation, and in your position you cannot afford to take risks. Better keep it at the P.O. Savings Bank.

Four Holdings.—M. R.—There is no market for any of the shares in question, and you could only sell them privately, or perhaps through an advertisement in the Press. The firm in question are really outside brokers of a very dubious type, and it is a pity you ever had any dealings with them. In future, do not transact business with people you do not know, but make your inquiries before committing yourself.

River Wear Bonds.—Zero.—The only issue of the River Wear Commissioners, publicly quoted, is the 3 per cent. Funded Debt Commissioners, viz., 74 to 76. The bond in question is a good investment, and you need not realise in a hurry, unless you want the money.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

The Empire Guarantee and Insurance Corporation.—J. B. L. (Vickerstown).—We shall be glad to know the result of the correspondence. So far as we can see—assuming, that is, that you have given us the whole of the facts—there is no justification for the delay in meeting your claim.

Refuge Assurance Company.—H. J. (Nuneaton).—Everything depends upon the facts, and we have no means of judging whether these are as you state them. You should consult a solicitor.

London and Provincial Assurance Company.—A. B. (West Bromwich).—We think you would be foolish not to continue the payments. We know of nothing to warrant any apprehension that the claim will not be met upon maturity.

Status of Company.—E. F. E. (Neath).—The company with which there has been amalgamation is not a big concern, but it is thought to be fairly sound. Selah (Catford).—It is a respectable undertaking.

Assignment of Policy.—B. (Bexley).—You should obtain a proper assignment. See the people at the head office of the company about it.

The Rampart Unemployment Insurance Company.—G. S. (Forest Gate).—We are a little sceptical. Mrs. Bull (Manchester).—See previous answer.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.—P. T. (Waltham Abbey).—Yes, certainly, it is "a sound and good company." There is no occasion for you to remit to America. Send to the London offices of the company, Cornhill, E.C.

Sceptre Life Association.—Bridge (Bedworth).—Yes, quite. We will answer your other questions next week.

Provincial Homes Investment Company.—J. M. (Ealing).—We should act upon the invitation. Your security will be improved, but it would be to your advantage to take out a new policy under the whole life or endowment assurance tables, as described in the circular letter from the managing director of the London and Provincial Assurance Company. H. T. S. (Kidderminster).—We are inclined to advise you to transfer, but we will look into the matter and answer you fully next week.

First Dutch Insurance Company.—Johnson (Hackney).—It is respectably managed and quite sound.

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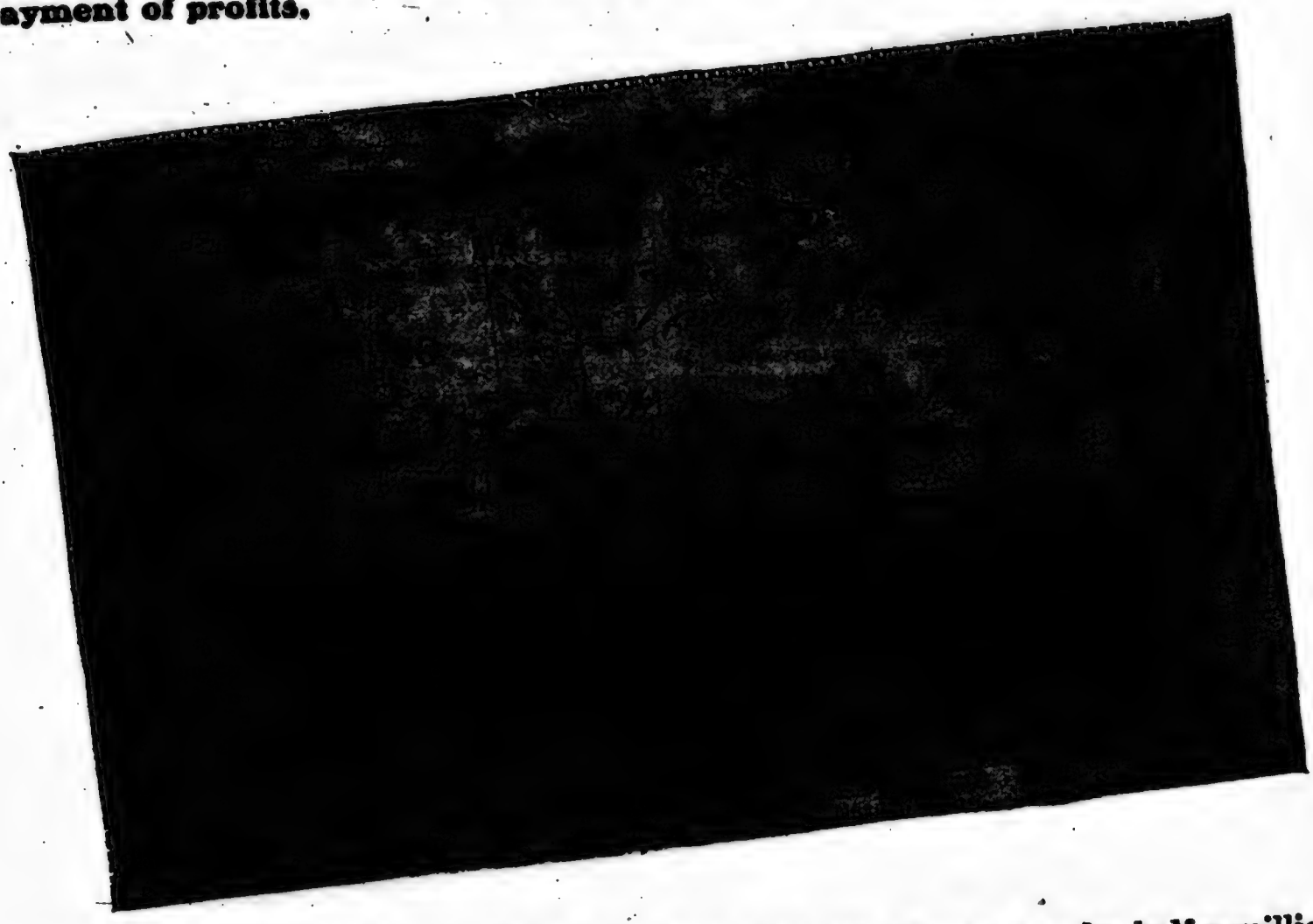

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DEATH CERTIFICATES.

THE WEAKNESS OF THE PRESENT LAW.

By Alfred Fellows.

Rather more than fifteen years ago a horrible series of murders by the poisoner Neill Cream drew public attention to the ease with which he committed his crimes, and to the many that long remained undetected. A Select Committee of doctors and scientific men was appointed to consider the matter, evidence was taken, money was spent, and the result was a report in a Blue Book, containing some drastic recommendations to check the existing facilities for murder.

The practical utility of this can be stated very shortly. The money expended might as profitably have been thrown into the sea, and the scientific men and doctors, instead of taking the trouble of hearing and giving evidence, might as well have been playing billiards. Indeed, in one way their deliberations can be considered actually harmful. For so thoroughly did they expose the defects of our present system, which has remained unchanged, that a would-be poisoner or murderer might find their report exceedingly useful. The case of Matilda Clover, poisoned with a strychnine capsule by Neill Cream, and certified by a doctor as dying of delirium tremens, could easily be duplicated at any future time; and the more recent series of murders by another monster, Severino Klosowski (who called himself Chapman), who poisoned four or five women with antimony, simply adds evidence to support the proof already made. In fact, in present circumstances a moderately clever poisoner seems to have only one risk to fear—that he may eventually accumulate suspicion and thus poison once too often. In the cases of Cream and Klosowski, there were admittedly three or four victims apiece before this once too often occurred; in an instance of two women poisoners there were more than a dozen, and this happened with the baby-farmer, Mrs. Dyer. (It is fair to say, however, that the law to protect infant life is now much strengthened.)

Undetected Murders.

In the cases mentioned, Cream made his living by poisoning women and then blackmailing those on whom suspicion might rest, and Klosowski was possessed by an awful and inhuman passion which made him delight in the sufferings of his victims. Both these men would have gone on poisoning until detection was inevitable, even under our present law. But given an unscrupulous man who desires one or two, or even three people removed, it can only be said that if he goes the right way to work, there does not seem any particular reason why, if he murders them, he should be found out. As a lurid piece of evidence brought before the Committee, Dr. Richardson declared that he did not know one medical man of extensive practice who had not met with a secret murder.

The average citizen who has not studied this branch of the law assumes that, for deaths which occur in England, the doctor's certificate and the coroner's vigilance are twin bulwarks against foul play—or perhaps a double sieve would better illustrate the general idea. The doctor certifies the death from natural causes; the coroner holds an inquest on other deaths; and though crimes may very rarely escape both sieves, the system works satisfactorily.

Medical Certificate Unnecessary.

If various murders from poisoning and otherwise do not shake his complacency—and, as shown above, each poisoner hanged may represent an unlimited number of victims and the number of those hanged is likely to be much less than those undetected—perhaps a short statement of the present law may do so. He thinks that a medical certificate is necessary when a death occurs; that it is a guarantee that the death is due to natural causes, and if this is not forthcoming, an inquest follows as a matter of course. In each belief he is entirely mistaken. No medical certificate is necessary; if it is given it is, as often as not, valueless; and if it is not forthcoming, or withheld, no inquest is necessary. The average citizen probably thinks that there is some legal check to prevent the burial of a murderer's victim without enquiry. Again, he is mistaken. It is the duty of those responsible to bury a dead body, and they need no official sanction whatever. They need not even bury it in a place set apart for burial. If a garden or a field happens to belong to them they may lawfully inter the body in it as soon after death as they please. Their only further duty in such a case is to report the circumstance within the week, not to the coroner, but to the district Registrar, that the death may be registered.

No doubt if this actually happened, the Registrar would inform the Coroner, whose suspicions could hardly fail to be roused at such proceedings, and he would make stringent enquiry, followed perhaps by exhumation and inquest. *But the fact remains that at present the law loftily refuses to concern itself with the issue whether a person is dead before he is buried.* If the percentage of uncertified deaths is small, the fact remains that several thousands occur annually, and hundreds of these again are not even reported to the Coroners. And amongst the certified deaths many are those in which the certificate has been given after burial, a practice now lawful.

No Necessity to View the Body.

Amongst these surprises, some people may at least try to derive consolation from the fact that in the ordinary case, where the death certificate is given before burial, everything must be all right. But this is the greatest mistake of all. *A death certificate is at present useless because there is no obligation on a doctor to view the dead body of the person whose death he certifies.* To those who do not know to what depths of fatuity the law can descend, perhaps this may seem the most extraordinary fact of all. To take a possible instance, a doctor may know that an elderly patient has heart disease, which may kill him at any time. Presently someone from the patient's house comes to the doctor, relates the death with more or less corroborative detail, and is rewarded with a certificate. In one case testified before the Select Committee, a doctor offered to give such a certificate although he had not seen his patient for six months—and the man had been shot!

In conclusion, a reasonable system of death certification should, so far as possible, prevent (1) Fraud (on insurance and friendly societies, etc.). (2) Murder. (3) Premature Burial. It will be seen that our system is almost useless in each respect.

It might be supposed that conscientious doctors, notwithstanding that the law allowed them to give death certificates without view, would insist on their right to inspect the body. Unfortunately, however, this does not seem to have been the case fifteen years ago, and is not so now. A member of the Committee asked Sir Henry Thompson, the great surgeon, "Is it within your knowledge that medical men do not look at bodies after death?" And he answered, "I should say they do not." When Mr. Justice Mellor was told this was a usual practice, he replied, "the sooner it is an unusual practice the better."

The Coroner's Inquest.

And here a word may be said as to the extremely difficult position of a doctor who, doing his entire duty and viewing the body, suspects foul play, or for any reason has to refuse to give a certificate. If a Coroner's inquest follows, all the odium is on him, and he probably loses several possible patients, even if the inquest brings a crime to light. If it does not, the relatives of other sick folk who hear of it will probably call in a doctor who does not expose them to the risk and scandal of an inquest. Thus, when he suspects murder, it may be to his direct pecuniary interest to lull his suspicions to sleep.

A word may also be said as to the present possibilities of an inquest, which is the law's last and most powerful resource where suspicion exists. As everyone knows, the jury have to view the body. In one case, a verdict was brought in that a lad of fifteen died of heart disease. As a fact, he had been murdered; when his clothes were taken off prior to his burial, his body was found to be covered with weals, and his thigh-muscles were beaten to a jelly. But this was not discovered by the jury, for it was no one's duty to see the body unclothed and to testify its condition to them.

Until 1907, a child stated to be still-born, could be buried without any formality or notice whatever. Now in certain districts the Notification of Births Act makes notice to a local authority compulsory, but there still seem wide facilities for child murder.

MRS. BULL will head the poll. **Feast of reason! Flow of soul!**

Hats that carry a guarantee

Here is a departure from the time-honoured order of things, an undertaking on our part to replace the Hat if it does not give good service for a twelve-month. They are "Bowlers" made by a celebrated manufacturer in black felt of such excellent quality that they will wear for at least a year. There are are four shapes (we picture two of them), and with each hat is issued a coupon entitling holder to New Hat if his purchase fails to give full satisfaction. One price only **10/-**

SELFRIDGE & Co., Ltd.,

Oxford Street, London, W.

Hundreds of "John Bull" Readers are buying the 3-Guinea "Wetresista" for 35/-

The "Wetresista" is the now well-known Rubberless Raincoat that resists the heaviest downpour and yet never loses its shape.

Being all wool it is warm and comfortable, smartly tailored in the newest style, and a perfect fit is guaranteed.

It can be worn on any occasion and is in every way equal to 3 or 4 guinea West End coats.

We are making a Special Offer of the "Wetresista" to JOHN BULL readers at 35/-, the **Cheapest Rubberless** Raincoat made.

"WETRESISTA" TRADE MARK No 520421

Send P.O. or Cheque for 35/- and Sample Coat will be forwarded carriage paid, to any part of England, and money returned if not approved. Simply send length of Coat and Colour desired, also chest measurement over vest.

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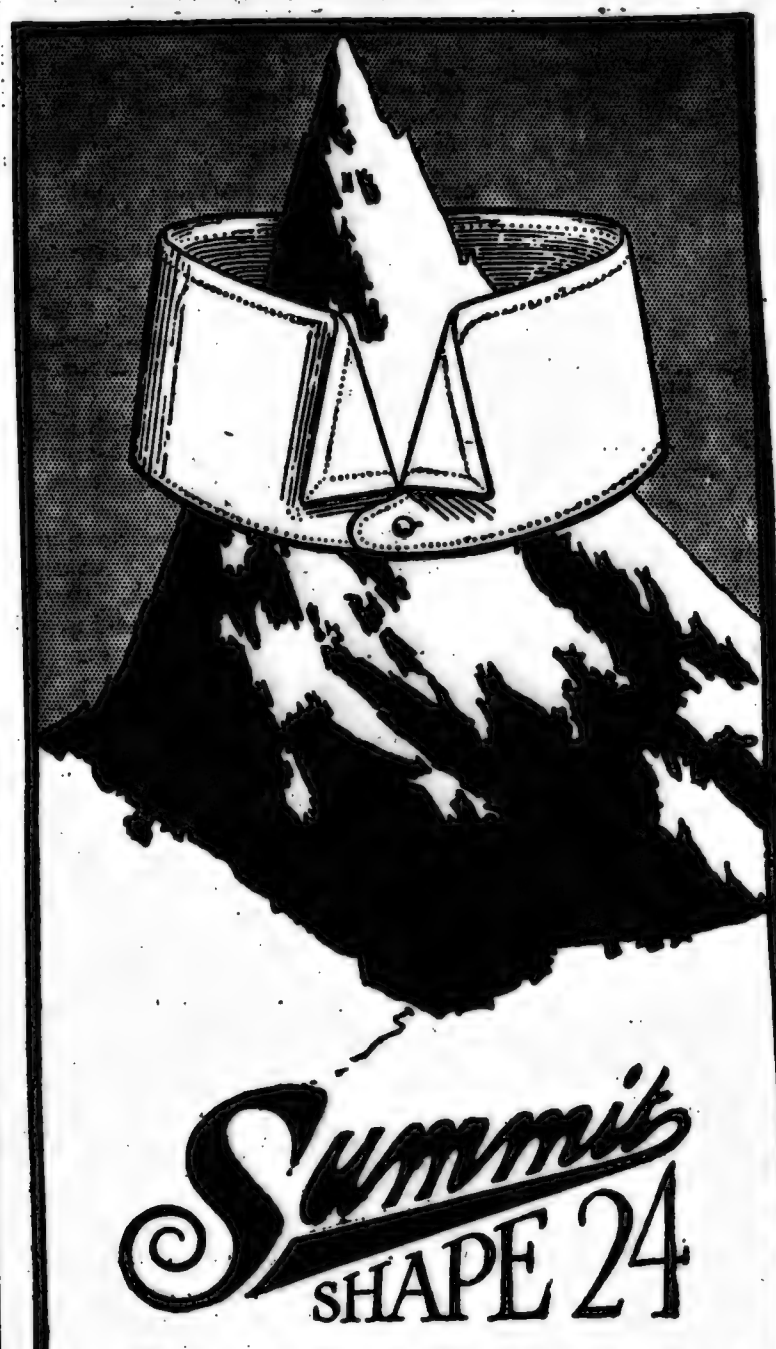
Telegrams: "WETRESISTA, London." *Facing Shaftesbury Avenue.* 'Phone: Gerrard, 4605.



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IN this shape we have expressed our opinion of the *true* proportions of a Point Collar. The point has a slight droop, which gives it an elongated appearance. This point retains its character in each of the Three depths—2in., 2¼in. and 2½in.

Have you realised the great advantages we can offer you in **Quarter-size 'Summits.'** This means four sizes to the inch and renders possible the exact fitting of collar to shirtband, giving a perfect set to the collar, and greater comfort to the wearer. It would be useless for us to talk about **'Quarter-sizes'** unless we could ensure 'Summit' collars measuring true to size. This assurance *is* possible because every yard of material that goes into the construction of 'Summits' is *thoroughly shrunk* by a secret process. Surface cloths and interlinings all pass through this shrinking process until there is not an inch of stretch or shrinkage left in any yard of material used.

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Samples 6½d. each post free.

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LETTERS FROM JANE ANN.

(Being communications from a young person to her friends and relations.)

By Moore Anking.

LETTER NO. XII.

The Durdles, Diddleston.

Dear Ma,—This is to inform you that your beloved daughter's 'opping it from Diddleston. I'm coming home, ma. Straight! Why I've got my box packed—knik-knaks on top, thingammys underneath—and there you are. Coming home Friday.

Told you about the family going off to Scotland, didn't I? Well, all the servants have to scatter for a fortnight, and learn to sit on thistles and things, I s'pose, so's they'll feel at home in bonny Sootland.

Got some lovely bugles you can have towards a new bonnet, ma. Big as eggs. If you've been good I wouldn't mind sewing 'em on myself. And then when you see Mother Parkins you can dance the catchooka and frighten her out of her senses—if any. I s'pose she's never paid you my fourpence?

You don't know how I feel about seeing you all again, and I can't tell you—it wouldn't be right for me to do so. One more glass of milk and a cheesecake, and I don't b'lieve I could keep the piece. I don't reelly.

And now I want a little favour, ma. I want you to hand the herewith to Peggy, Bert, and Auntie. You needn't trouble to open my note to Bert. You was young yourself once—I haven't forgotten it, and don't suppose you have.

So good-bye for the present, old queen. Get some black thread to sew the bugles on, bung the letters round as herewith, and prepare to welcome your affectionate and ever-loving daughter,

Jane Ann.

[enclosure.]

My Own Dearest Bert,—I dessay ma's told you I shall be home next Friday. No use you saying, "Go hon!" It's true as I'm standing—I mean sitting here.

And oh, Bert, now that it's all settled I feel like I don't know what. Tried to tell ma, but couldn't. Besides, at her time of life it don't do. You never know what it may lead to.

But oh, won't it be joyful—
I don't think I need say more.

Of course, Bert dear, I'll let you know the time the train comes in, so's you can be there. But don't let on to Peggy if you should see her; we don't want her and her john flopping round after us, do we? If ma gets a couple of bob to go shopping, she'll forget all about us for hours. Shan't mind ma coming, but Peggy and her puzzle?—No, I think not.

So for the present, aw revwaw, as our sheff says. I shall be counting the minutes, Bert dear, and mind you bring your mouth-organ. Yours lovingly, x x x J. A.

[enclosure.]

Dear Peggy,—You being my very dearest friend in a way, I thought you'd like to know I shall be home soon. If only the day was certain, and all that, you and your young man could have come to meet me. I'm sure you'd be welcome. Makes me vexed I can't tell you the time and so forth. But there, we can't help these things.

Ta-ta for the present, and kindest love. x x x J. A.

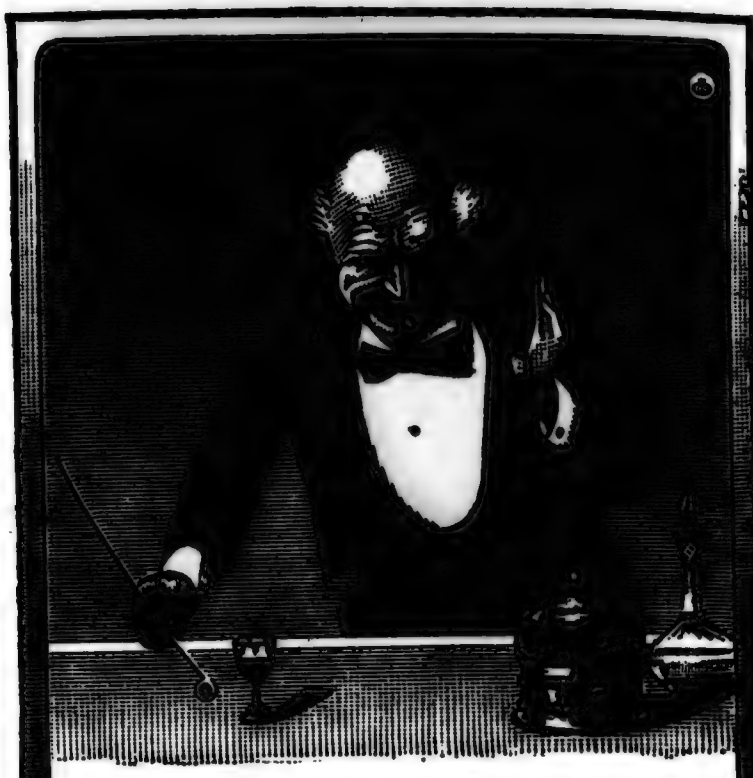
[enclosure.]

Dear Aunt Margaret,—I'm hoping soon to see you and thank you for the nice instruction books you've kept on sending me. Once I was giddy like the rest. Now I can sit down, read a nice sermon or address, and feel right as rain.

As for young men—pooh! I really don't know why young women trouble about them. Thank goodness, that sin can't be totted up against your humble. But then, not all of them have such a good, kind auntie. I'm sure you'll get your reward, aunt, and if it's ever in my power I'll see you have it.

I shall leave your books here when I come home, so's the other servants can get improved by them. At present one or two are rather thick. You know what I mean—not nice persons. So I wish them well and bar them altogether. Thanking you again, dear aunt, and hoping you won't stop doing good for other sinful, silly girls, like I used to be. Your devoted niece J. A.

[Conclusion.]



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Recorder

the same, but fuller flavoured.

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6d. per oz. in 1 and 2 oz. packets and larger tins, from tobacconists everywhere.

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

"MAW; OR, THE SQUAB LADY."

"Ladies and gentlemen,—What can I say? I am going back; but if I have made one single friend over here in this great London of yours, I shall return a very, very happy woman!"

And with these few simple words, spoken with so much sincerity, and from her heart of hearts, the curtain fell upon the final performance of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," at Terry's Theatre on Saturday night, leaving Miss Robson's enthusiastic admirers on the other side of it, filled with sighs, and murmuring regrets that so bright a "star" was not *forced* to remain twinkling in our own none too brilliantly lighted dramatic firmament.

That Miss Robson has conquered by sheer strength of her remarkable ability as an actress has been proved up to the hilt, inasmuch as the plays she has produced in this country can scarcely be hailed as triumphs of stagecraft. Indeed, without the expert knowledge and charm of Miss Robson I do not think any audience would have sat patiently through so headless and *taleless* a concern as "Maw; or, The Squab Lady," presented for the first—and I should say the last—time at a matinée on Thursday, the 6th.

If Miss Robson can but find the right stuff, there is assuredly a warm welcome awaiting her in England whenever she can be induced to pay us a return visit, for actresses of her rare accomplishments are not discovered every day in the week. She is the personification of art in its highest sense—art stretched to its fullest limits—art that is born of genius.

"THE SHOP-SOILED GIRL."

The great Elephant and Castle Theatre was packed to suffocation. Rows of eagerly expectant people lined the pit and stalls. In the gallery and at the back of it, the masses were jammed together like glue. A continuous sea of faces met you whichever way you turned. It was a sight well worth seeing, and one I would not have missed for anything.

And across the footlights, what was happening? Anything calculated to interest the crowds in front?

Rather! For Walter Melville was giving the public an opportunity to criticise his new melodrama, "The Shop-Soiled Girl," a somewhat misleading title, as it distinctly creates the impression of a girl "soiled" by contact with her shop surroundings. And this is erroneous, for it is the handsome, "dandy" chap—the out-and-out villain of the "Spider" type in "The Silver King"—who betrays and deserts the innocent shop-girl.

Lardy, lardy, how the good folk cheered the hero, whose faithful dog—"the dumb witness"—was brought into the room at the police-station, and, leaping into his master's arms, gave damning evidence that there stood the "person wanted," and subterfuge was therefore useless.

The audiences appreciate every thrill and situation that the author has dropped in to the drama for their enjoyment, and I should imagine Messrs. Melville will, when necessary, replace "The Bad Girl of the Family" with "The Shop-Soiled Girl."

Mr. H. E. Herbert—the husband of clever little Beryl Mercer—is thoroughly successful as the Lancashire lad who idolises the shop-girl and takes her, soiled or unsoiled, he doesn't care which, to his manly bosom amidst storms and shouts of approbation.

Altogether Messrs. Melville's latest venture has started out under the most favourable circumstances. These two enterprising brothers, Walter and Frederick, undertook a pretty stiff job when they made up their minds to provide the public with the best they could find in the way of melodrama at popular prices, and that they are fulfilling their mission in a legitimate manner cannot for a second be denied. When you look at the heavy list of the Melville companies travelling in the provinces, in the suburbs, and then remember the two big plays still running at the Lyceum and Aldwych, just think of the employment these indefatigable two provide for the many, and how highly they are to be commended for their courage and undertaking. Of course, I know they do not do all this work for their health's sake, but, nevertheless, there would be a good number more of out-of-work actors and actresses if it were not for the plays produced by the two brothers Melville.

NATIONAL HOME EMPLOYMENT ASSOCIATION.

Following our recent comments upon this concern comes the arrest of its alleged proprietor and manageress. We are sure the hundreds of people who have at various times drawn our attention to certain features of the Association's business, will join us in the hope that a satisfactory explanation of their complaints will, in due course, be forthcoming.

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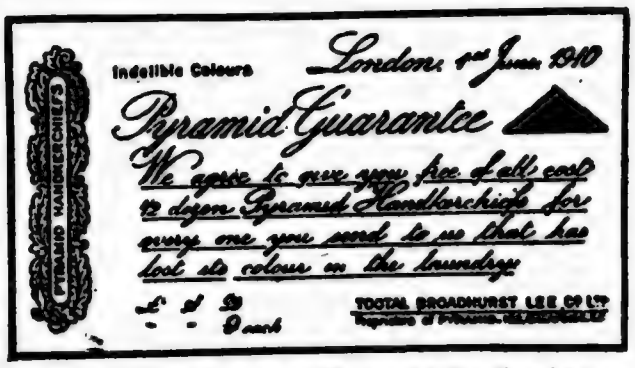
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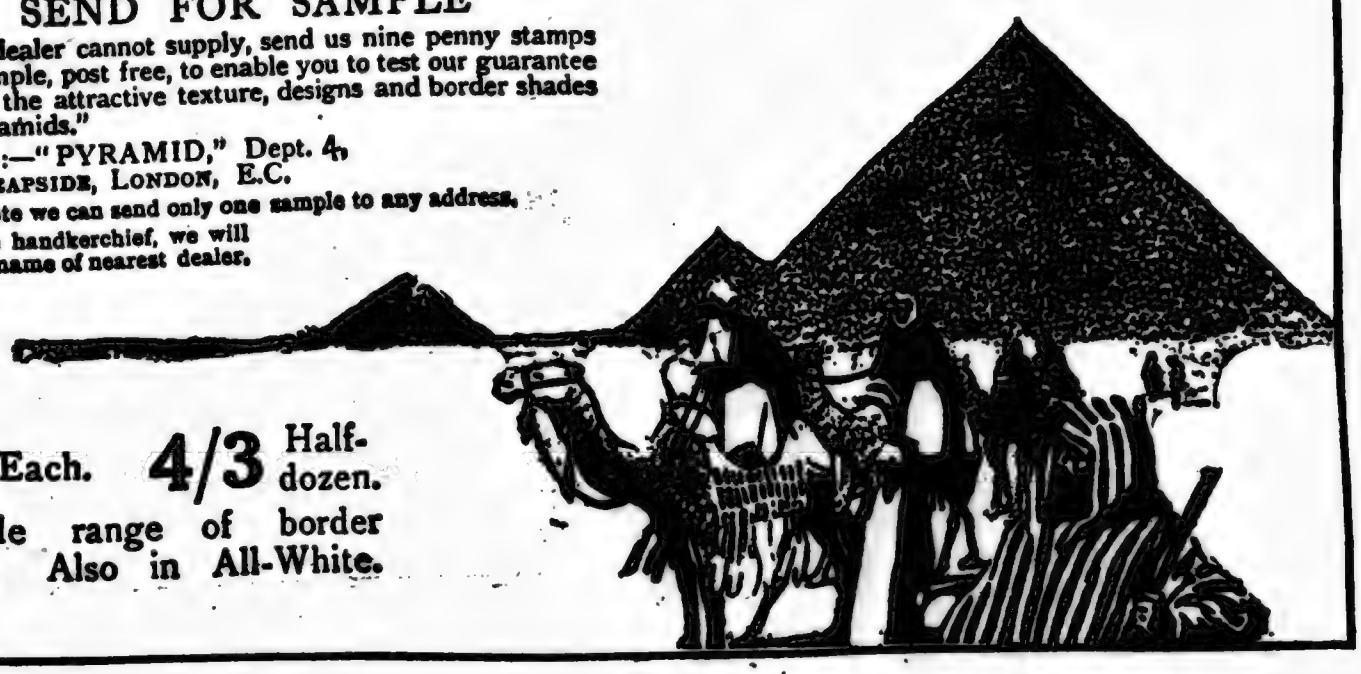

9d. Each. **4/3** Half-dozen.

In wide range of border shades. Also in All-White.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

How To Be Cheerful.

The quite singular depression in spirits of which practically everyone I know has complained during the last six weeks or so, is becoming almost a national calamity. We will say national, for I do not know whether they are feeling the same on the Continent. Probably not so badly as we on our dear old island! They never do, unless in Rome in a South-east wind, when they become murderous. But in our own case I do think something ought to be done, some effort of will made by each individual to stem this almost epidemic of low spirits, or it will end in some physical epidemic. I remember, as children, we used to exclaim in very bad weather, "Oh, aren't you miserable? There's nothing else ever going to happen again!" And really that cry expresses exactly the sense of having somehow come to the utter limit of all possibility of joy or excitement—from which we are all suffering. Well, my remedy is the old and very obvious one—so old that it gets forgotten—of *making* "something happen." Forcing circumstances, that is. Besieged people do it, and why not we? I know a woman who is planning a series of fancy dress dances—almost against her own will and quite against the crowd's!—for the early autumn. Another is taking up some concert work for poor people, and another painting panels for a kindergarten school. It needn't all be charity. One is learning French with a friend, another cooking at evening classes; and quite a lot have taken to crochet and knitting, which the doctors declare is the best sedative for "jumpy" nerves. These are the hero spirits. The rest are sitting in corners, grumbling and feeling ill. Won't someone help them?

The Lost High Heel.

How imperceptibly and yet how very certainly the high heel has become "bad form." Who settled the question so entirely, and when, and why? Because undoubtedly the very smartest women, who but recently rather liked a "Louis" perch, are now to be seen with medium height heels of a fairly solid build to the very costliest and "last thing" in shoes. In a really well-dressed crowd you may to-day look in vain for a very high heel, just as you may look in vain for a wasp waist. But it has come imperceptibly. Perhaps the sandals helped the idea? Perhaps, also, the free walk of the sports-trained girls of to-day made the tottery old "Louis" unpopular: though sense doesn't usually rule fashions. Anyhow, here we are with a far more classical footgear, and one which balances the figure far more delicately, does not jerk the gait, and neither makes the head ache or the nose red—which are considerations.

The Crowning of Plain Women.

As the autumn's new novels come out and are read, I think one gets rather an idea of the social prophecy for the coming winter, if one analyses them just a little. For the most careless authors are to some extent prophets, often without being aware of it. They do, at least, reflect the dreams and notions of their day, generally just a little in advance. This year the note of social rebellion, of sorts, seems to be strongly sounded in most of the novels. The fight for and against the marriage laws, the struggle for the development of feminine individuality, and the experimental attempts of new creeds and new social doctrines loom largely. All well and good. A side issue, though, is there which to me personally is very irritating—namely, the glorification of the plain woman. Just as in the last few years every heroine of every book, except a rare few, had "masses" of red-gold hair, so one now observes the phenomenon of this lady being pushed into a corner as the villainess, and the heroine being gladly described by her creator as being "too individual looking for beauty." Or her features possess the strikingly unique character of being uneven. Or her mouth is "too wide for prettiness"—such a strange and striking trait! Or she has great capable hands, or a boyish tread and a swinging walk most enchantingly unwomanly. Authoresses are especially fond of this worship of the coarse and rough in their women characters, but there are one or two men who offend equally.

Beauty In A Corner.

My objection is not to the books. The authors are welcome to do as they like with their own characters' noses and feet. But I do seriously object to plain women being made any vainer than they are at present. Goodness knows, they think quite enough of themselves as it is. In their desire to get away from a simpering foolishness, many of the most sincere girls and women have gone to the other extreme, and have got into a habit of praising all roughness and all outward signs of a growing manliness in feminine character—not a bad thing in itself, of course—till now you only have to have a thick turn-up nose, large splay feet, and hair that "won't do up" properly to rank, in certain women's sets, as possessing something superior to mere beauty, mere evenness of feature, grace of figure, and charm of manner. Now this is all humbug. Beauty is beauty, and it does not necessarily simper on that account. And I would add that "she was too individual looking for beauty" is wrong and illogical, since individuality, or rather personality, which is the same thing, or "soul," *is* beauty. A pretty woman without it is merely pretty.

[Note.—*After our issue of October 22nd this feature will be transferred to* Mrs. Bull.]

AS a genial aid to conviviality, as a stimulant at once pure, exhilarating and generous, as a spirit of full maturity and incomparable flavour, Watson's 'Blue Band' Whisky occupies a niche apart.

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BLUE BAND WHISKY

To specify 'Blue Band' Whisky betokens your wisdom, to place it before your guest is evidence of a cultured taste.

Watson's 'Blue Band' Whisky is obtainable through your own Wine Merchant or Stores.

HOW TO KEEP WELL IN WINTER.

Colds, Influenza, etc., are infectious diseases, which are often spread through the coughing and sneezing of the Sufferer in small confined spaces.

Tramcars or Trains are ideal breeding grounds for the spread of infection. Each time your Influenza fellow passenger coughs or sneezes he discharges into a confined atmosphere, WHICH YOU HAVE TO INHALE, countless swarms of Microbes

The Motorist escapes this infection of public vehicles, but he is subject to another danger. The extraordinary amount of fresh Air which he inhales, combined with the decrease of Exercise, tends to increase the pressure of his blood, and to render him peculiarly liable to apoplectic strokes or seizures.

The remedy for these ills is Exercise and out-door Locomotion. It is to the Bicycle that we must turn during the next six months to save us from the evils of our modern civilisation.

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The London Showrooms of the Company where this Model may be seen are at 157 & 158, Sloane Street (close to Sloane Square), S.W., and at Cecil House, (57A) Holborn Viaduct, E.C. This Model may also be obtained from the Best Cycle Agents in the Provinces. The Public are cautioned to beware of worthless imitations.

The Stout Motorist

GET ON TOP

In the Business World. **Carnegie, Lipton, Whiteley, Selfridge, Wanamaker, Marshall Field, Vanderbilt, Astor, Gould, Rockefeller,** and hosts of other successful men educated themselves and made huge fortunes. They did not study the higher branches of educational subjects at first, but **Modern Business Methods.** The following books will help **YOU** to **success:**

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¶ It is admitted that the extraordinary wave of business reform that has overspread this country during the last ten years is the result of the awakening caused by the issue of this series of business manuals. Some of them contain as much as an ordinary five-shilling volume, yet they will cost you only 1/- each (cloth 1/6), of all booksellers, or post free from the publisher, Guilbert Pitman, No. 2, Newlands, Croydon, Surrey.

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STOMACH and Liver TROUBLES

If you feel "out of sorts," "fit for nothing," "played out"; if you can't eat, work or sleep, take a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and you will be delighted with the change. This standard remedy for all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach, liver and bowels, has behind it the solid reputation of forty years' success. It will not fail you!

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Mother Seigel's Syrup—the renowned herbal tonic made of roots, barks and leaves—exerts a remarkable curative and tonic effect on the stomach, liver and bowels. Thus it cures pains after eating, wind, furred tongue, headaches, biliousness, constipation, sleeplessness, and anæmia. Better still, it makes food nourish you, clears your system of the poisonous products of undigested food, and gives you the vigour and tone of robust health. Try it! Take the Syrup daily, after meals.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

MADE OF ROOTS, BARKS, & LEAVES.

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size. Also in Tablet form, 2/9.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

In view of the rapid growth of the League, it is desirable that every member should possess an official Badge, and a communication to this effect is being addressed to those on the Registers of the principal branches in the country. Will those members, therefore, who have not yet procured a Badge, please forward to the General Secretary, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., a postal order for 1s., in return for which the Badge will be forwarded, post free? We would remind members that the Badges are made up in the form of lapel studs for gentlemen, and hatpins and brooches for ladies.

BRANCH REPORTS.

Birmingham.—The second open meeting of the winter campaign was held at Stratford Road Schools, Sparkbrook, on Thursday, the 6th inst. There was a splendid attendance of members and their friends, who thoroughly enjoyed the excellent musical programme which had been provided. The chair was taken by the Local Secretary, Mr. J. S. Savage. Under the direction of Mr. W. F. Woodfield, the great concert pathéphone gave various vocal and instrumental items, including the League Song, by Mr. Leo Stormont. Mr. Sidney Albert received a great reception with his humorous selections. Mr. Bert Rowlandson, Birmingham's famous male soprano, was immensely popular, all his items being enthusiastically encored; and Mr. Walton, tenor, also met with well-deserved success. Mr. Bert Forss, from the London Hippodrome, was a host in himself in his portrayal of Dickens characters, finishing with "How We Saved the Barge." His reception clearly showed that his masterly work was fully appreciated. Mr. C. L. Kay the Central Birmingham Secretary, addressed the meeting on "The Objects of the John Bull League," and at the close of his speech the stewards received a very large and gratifying number of forms of application from members of the audience. This division bids fair to be one of the most active in the Birmingham centre, and we look to it for great things in the near future. Mr. James Cund ably officiated at the piano, the proceedings closing with a vote of thanks to the artistes, and singing of the National Anthem.

Manchester.—The local chairman of the Manchester and Salford Branch, Councillor H. Ross Clyne, who has been so untiring in his efforts to promote the success of the branch, is entering on a fierce fight in the forthcoming municipal elections. Leaving his own constituency (a safe seat and probably an unopposed return) to fight the Chairman of the Watch Committee, he has urgent need of helpers. His election address, in his characteristic style—outspoken and fearless—proclaims him to be standing as the champion of business efficiency. Mr. Ross Clyne has not spared himself in connection with the work of the John Bull League in Manchester, and we venture to appeal to our readers to volunteer their services on his behalf. The local secretary, Mr. F. Wardle, of 5, Woodland Road, Gorton, will be glad to get in touch with any willing to assist.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—The local secretary reports a brisk demand for tickets for the whist drive and dance, which the Executive Committee has arranged for Wednesday, the 26th inst., at the Drawing Room Cafe, Northumberland Street, and there is every indication that the function will prove a great success. It will afford an excellent opportunity for members of the League in Newcastle and district to make each other's acquaintance under extremely pleasant conditions.

Plymouth and Devonport.—Members are reminded of the meeting convened for this (Thursday) evening, at the Buffalo Club Room, 14, Treville Street, Plymouth, at 7.30 p.m., for the purpose of formally starting the Branch. In view of the anticipated early visit of the President, it is important that the organisation of the Branch should be put upon a thoroughly business-like basis.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The General Secretary,
67, Long Acre, London, W C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the JOHN BULL LEAGUE, and send me a Membership Badge, for which I enclose P.O. for 1/-

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British Best is also World's Best

You can neither buy nor wish for better shaving soap than the British "Erasmic." It is better than ANY other soap British or Foreign.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Plain proof is best; the evidence of your own sense is unanswerable. Trial Sample of "Erasmic" for 2d. stamps. money refunded if not satisfied.

What could be fairer?

The Erasmic Co., Ltd. (Dept. K), Warrington.

Erasmic SHAVING STICK

"Best ever made."

SAVE THE MONEY

you would spend on a new overcoat—send your old one to us now, and we will let you have it back in four days.

Our process—The Achille Serre process—will remove every stain and crease, and every speck of dirt, so that your friends will think your coat is a new one.

It does not cost much, only 3/6 for a light coat or 5/- for a heavy one, and we execute any necessary repairs at very moderate charges.

Write to-day for a copy of "Clothes and the Man" and address of nearest branch or agency.

Achille Serre Ltd.
(Nettoyage a Sec),
Hackney Wick, London.
Phone 1265 East.

Carriage paid one way on orders sent direct.

Hall's Wine

starts restoring your nervous and muscular strength with the very first wineglassful

Strong statement—powerful tonic! Instantly uplifting, *but with no harmful after-effects*, Hall's Wine sends new life through your veins. The value of its peculiar properties in convalescence (particularly after influenza), in all wasting diseases and in cases of nervous trouble is amply testified to by physicians and nurses. They have prescribed it for over twenty years. 90JB Hall's Wine, Bow, London.

Your wine merchant or grocer or chemist with wine licence has the bottle of Hall's Wine to *prove* all this to you. Get the new *extra-large size* bottle, 3/6

A Tobacco Discovery

NYASA

Smoking Mixture

The superb new Tobacco from Nyasaland, British Central Africa, especially remarkable for COOL SMOKING, AROMATIC FLAVOUR, and FREE BURNING. It possesses exceptionally fine qualities, and has delighted everyone who has smoked it—you will like it.
TRY IT.

per 5D. oz.

Or in Cartridges—Packets containing 14 ..... 5½d.

NYASA Cigarettes

3d. per packet of 10

If you have any difficulty in obtaining NYASA Smoking Mixture, send a postcard to the manufacturers for addresses of the nearest tobacconists who sell it. Made solely by

R. & J. HILL, Ltd., London, E.
ESTD. 1775.

S. & P.

COUGHS, COLDS,

and chronic chest and lung trouble.

A British Mother whose family doctor is Veno's Lightning Cough Cure.

THE REV. T. AINSWORTH BRODY, B.A., LL.B., St. John's Vicarage, York, *writes*:—

"I can conscientiously recommend Veno's Lightning Cough Cure for all affections of the Bronchial Organs."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest & Surest Remedy for:—

COUGHS & COLDS.
BRONCHITIS.
WEAK LUNGS.
INFLUENZA.
SORE THROAT.
ASTHMA.
NASAL CATARRH.
CHILDREN'S COUGHS.
OLD-AGE COUGHS.
BLOOD-SPITTING.

9½d. a bottle.

Larger Sizes, 1/1½ and 2/9 of all Chemists.

A Special Offer for Catarrh Sufferers accompanies each bottle.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Wouldn't Veto *Concurrence* be a better name for it?
Wasn't King Manuel's extravagance the way to "reis" trouble?
Is "Modesty is the best policy" John Redmond's motto?
Isn't the payment of M.P.'s a matter of berth?
Is the War Office "looking up" a bit at last?
Isn't "De-port your Helm" sound advice?
Can't the English playwright write a play right?
Isn't "the divine Sarah" a "darling of the gods"?
Is "All's Well" the motto of the oil companies?
Will the Coronation Exhibition at the White City be Mr. Kiralfy's crowning effort?
Does King Alfonso agree that "error" and "Ferrer" can be made to rhyme?
Is it "principle" or "principal" that sways the average "strike"?

"Squeezing Publicans," reads a headline. We don't think there is much more to be got out of them.

"Music-hall Split," we read. Someone must have cracked a very tough joke.

"Legal Tender," a new publication is called. We've always found law affairs a bit tough.

The Paris police dog who arrested an "Apache" the other day would over here be described as "Constable K-9."

"A Snail's Wooing" is the name of a new book. Sounds a bit slow.

"Man is his mind and nothing else," says Mr. Hopton Hadley. But some men are only "half a mind."

"Classes for Brides" are being started in Battersea. "Home work" will no doubt be plentiful.

"The Territorials are not all right," says a correspondent. No, but soon there won't be many left.

"The Living Mummy"—recently published—suggests a dead and alive sort of yarn.

A rather deaf old lady, on being told that Marie Corelli's latest book is called "The Devil's Motor," said, "Indeed they do."

"Home Truths" is a curious name for a stage-piece; it suggests something distinctly unpleasant.

"Scotland has given much to the world," says the Marquis of Linlithgow. "Given?"

A man sentenced at Portsmouth to a month's hard labour offered to toss whether he did two months or nothing. Double or "quit"!

"Every man can do a little good if he likes," says Mr. A. Grover. But "a little" is not much good.

The headline, "Ship and Stores for £11," savours strongly of an Admiralty sale.

A Finsbury man has obtained a vote on the ground that he lodges with his wife. A latchkey lodger?

The 5,000 shillings fund for the Norfolk County Cricket Club has proved successful. Though "stumped," the club will have another innings.

The lady who bequeathed a bag of sand to her relatives for them to rub themselves with, apparently thought they were itching for her money.

Very big muffs are to be the fashion this season. There are plenty to be had.

Graball is a good name for a racehorse; it is so suggestive of being first.

In Budapest there is a married woman who has not slept for seven years. Her husband has our sympathy.

"You must make the most of yourself," says Harold Murray. Otherwise, we presume, people will not make much of you.

On the jury at an inquest recently were a Mr. Scrooge, a Mr. Dickens, and a Mr. Dombey. Quite a novel-list.

The statement that a torpedo has been lost in the Bristol Channel does not surprise us; they are rather liable to go off.

"Good people are good without money," says the *Mirror*. Does that mean they are good for nothing?

An American professor has declared that all women are fundamentally savage. No doubt they are—now.

A Mr. J. Bunny is one of the judges at a rabbit show at Hastings. We do hope he calls his house "The Warren."

A tender for dredging Southampton Water at a cost of £20,500 has been accepted. Evidently there is something to be got out of it.

"Wills which please everyone are very rare," says Mr. Plowden. So are "won'ts."

The 350th performance of "The Bad Girl of the Family" was recently celebrated at the Aldwych. It can't be so bad, after all.

Mother need not now look sad, Mrs. Bull will make her glad.

SOMERVILLE'S Scotch Whisky

As supplied to the Houses of Lords, Houses of Commons, The Treasury and other Government Offices.

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

If you wish better whisky for less money than you are paying at present, let us send you by Post 3 Bottles of the Finest that Scotland can produce for comparison—choose ours nearest to the price you are paying and compare OUR quality and OUR price.

You run no risk—our guarantee keeps you safe.

POST FREE. Carriage paid to nearest railway station.

Guaranteed Ages.	3 bots.	6 bots.	12 bots.
4 Years Old	9/6	18/6	36/-
6 Years Old	11/-	21/6	42/-
10 Years Old	12/6	24/6	48/-

Fill up the Order Form and post to us with your remittance TO-DAY,

or cut it out and preserve it for future use.

POST FREE.

Sample Half-Bots.

4	years	old	1/9
6	"	"	2/-
10	"	"	2/3

ORDER FORM. and GUARANTEE.

To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd., Distillers, Grangemillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance value..... for which please send me..... of your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed ..... years old Scotch Whisky on condition that if it is not the finest Whisky I have ever tasted at the price I shall be entitled to have my money refunded

J. B. 15/10/10

Name.....

Address .....

ALL-WOOL OVERCOAT

To Measure, 21/-

Most Wonderful Tailoring Creation of the Century.

Perfect Style, Perfect Cut, Perfect Finish. Perfectly Trimmed.

CURZON BROS., the famous tailors, are making the above wonderful offer as a special inducement to those who have not yet tested their clothing value.

Send postcard for FREE PATTERNS!

Together with patterns, we send you fashion plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, and tape measure. We fit you no matter where you live or refund the full amount of your purchase-money.

AWARDED THREE MEDALS

Read our unique list of unsolicited testimonials. £5,000 forfeited if not absolutely genuine.

Gold Medal Suits to Measure from 27/6.

Those residing in London should call.

CURZON BROS., The World's Measure Tailors.

(Sample Section), 588, 60, 62, City Road, London, E.C.

Paris House: 130, Rue de Rivoli;
Brussels House: 2, Rue de la Bourse;
and in Canada, South Africa, & Australia.

GENUINE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE.

High-class Modern and Antique Furniture, at Exceptionally Low Prices, for Cash or by Gradual Payments.

PURCHASED FROM VARIOUS PRIVATE SOURCES.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—At the suggestion of many of our customers, we have decided to open a second-hand department, which will be carried on at our premises, 15 to 23, Southampton Row, and also at our extensive warehouse, pending other arrangements.

Please take note that we, the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., do not run this department as a so-called depository, but as a branch of our own business, and under our own name.

The great demand that there is for good and genuine second-hand furniture, and the knowledge that we can supply same is our reason for opening this fresh department.

MIDLAND FURNISHING CO., LTD. Second-hand Department. Amongst the goods for sale are:—5 solid oak armchairs with rush seats and finished antique colour, 18s. 6d. each (worth double); drawing-room suite, consisting of large settee, two very large easy chairs and four small chairs, covered with very handsome tapestry, £8 8s. (worth £16 16s.); very handsome 3-piece drawing-room suite, consisting of double drop end Chesterfield, large size divan easy chair and large wing ditto, upholstered in Rose du Barry colour tapestry, £8 8s. (worth £18 18s.); 5-piece French drawing-room suite with gilt frames and upholstered in silk tapestry, £18 18s. (worth £40); 6-ft. mahogany Sheraton-style bedroom suite, comprising wardrobe with two large plate-glass doors, drawers and cupboards in centre, large dressing table, washstand and three cane-seat chairs, £28 18s. 6d. (worth £40); very handsome dining-room suite, solid oak frames and upholstered in Morocco, comprising:—Stuff-over couch, two large easy chairs and six upholstered back small chairs, £15 15s. (worth £40); very handsome walnut settee with rush seat, £3 3s. (worth £6 6s.); mahogany occasional table, Chippendale style, with six legs, £1 10s.; mahogany occasional table, with eight legs, very handsome; £1 10s, mahogany occasional table, Chippendale style, with six legs, £1 5s.; very large oak bookcase, with drawers and cupboard below and fitted leaded lights in doors above, £7 17s. 6d. (worth £11 11s.); 7-piece drawing-room suite, Louis style, comprising large settee, two large easy chairs and four small chairs, upholstered in blue silk tapestry, £9 9s. (worth £14 14s.); very large oak settle, finished antique, £3 3s. (worth £6 6s.); pair bronze figures, 10s. 6d.; very large and handsome oak hall-stand, with seat fitted in centre, £6 6s. (worth £10 10s.); ditto, ditto, £6 6s. (worth £10 10s.); 4-ft. fumed oak wardrobe, with large bevelled plate door, £4 17s. 6d. (worth £7 7s.); dressing chest with bevelled plate and side glasses, washstand with marble top and tiled back, polished Chippendale colour, £5 5s. pair; 6-ft. mahogany Sheraton style bedroom suite, comprising wardrobe, with two large bevelled plate doors, drawers and cupboard in centre, large dressing-table with landscape glass attached, washstand with marble top and back, and three cane-seat chairs, £37 10s. (worth £60); dressing chest with landscape mirror and side reflecting mirrors, washstand, marble top and back with towel rails attached, polished Chippendale colour, £6 6s. (worth £12); 4 ft. 6 in. oak sideboard with long bevelled mirror to back, fitted drawers and cupboards under, £5 5s.; satin walnut gent.'s wardrobe, fitted for hanging in top part and drawers under, a bargain, £6 16s. 6d.; 4-ft. bedroom suite, polished Chippendale colour, comprising wardrobe, dressing chest with side reflecting mirrors, washstand and two cane-seat chairs, £17 17s. (worth £25); very large wing divan easy chair, upholstered in green corded velvet, £4 4s. (cost £10 10s.).

We allow 5 per cent. discount for cash, but if you do not wish to pay ready money, you may take advantage of our well-known Gradual Payment System, and have the payments spread over one, two or three years, without one halfpenny extra charge or added interest whatsoever. No deposit is required.

This is an advantage that the so-called depositories cannot and will not give.

THE MIDLAND FURNISHING Co., Ltd.,

15, 17, 19, 21 & 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

We buy second-hand furniture to any extent. Catalogues are now ready.

All country orders are packed free and carriage paid.

Simply state the number, size, and width you want on the attached coupon, and mail it to-day with 8/6. You will receive the boots in 24 hours.

COUPON.

W. BARRATT & Co., Ltd.
NORTHAMPTON.

Please forward one pair of "Footshape" Boots on terms announced in "John Bull," Oct. 15, 1910.

No..... Price.....
Size..... Width.....
Name.....
Address.....
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(Pin this Coupon to your letter.)

If this is not the style of Boot that you require, send 2d. (cost of postage only) for our Beautifully Illustrated 123 page "Boots by Post" Catalogue. This will show you how to save Pounds in your Family Boot Bill.

Just think of what you are getting for 8/6. A first-rate pair of all-leather boots such as you could not buy elsewhere under 12/6, built on our famous "Footshape" models. Scientifically designed; smart in appearance; anatomically correct. Sold on the "Money-back-if-not-satisfactory" system.

DO IT NOW.

POST FREE 8/6

Direct from the Factory to your door.

DESCRIPTIONS.

No. 1617.—BOX CALF BOOT, 8/6.—Splendid Box Calf Uppers, straight golosh, no outside seam, unbreakable jockey back, toecapped (as illustrated), best linen lined, specially selected, hard wearing solid leather sole, sewn. Best make and finish throughout.

No. 1717.—GLACE KID BOOT, 8/6.—Exactly same style and quality as above, but slightly lighter in weight.

No. 1417.—BROWN WILLOW CALF, 8/6.—A magnificent boot. Rich nut-brown shade and warranted real "Willow" Calf.

THE "BARRATT" SYSTEM OF SIZES AND WIDTHS.

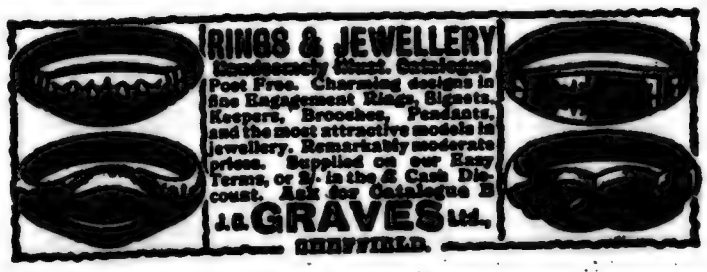
GENTLEMEN'S "Footshape" Boots are made in eight different sizes; 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12, 1/- extra). Each size is made in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide).

If size is not known, send an old boot or draw outline of stockinged foot on paper. We GUARANTEE perfect fit or money back.

W. BARRATT & CO., Ltd.,

The World's Leading "Boots-by-Post" Specialists.

(Desk 66), Sterling Works, NORTHAMPTON.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Post Free. Charming designs in fine Engagement Rings, Signets, Keepers, Brooches, Pendants, and the most attractive models in Jewellery. Remarkably moderate prices. Supplied on our Easy Terms, or 2½ in the £ Cash Discount. Ask for Catalogue B
J. & G. GRAVES Ltd.,
SHEFFIELD.

ROMANO'S

399, STRAND.

The Paradise of all good gourmets.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only* THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page). The* Editor *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

Correspondents are requested not to send original certificates, testimonials, etc., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

P. B. (Nottingham) says Stuart & Stuart (83, Alfreton Road) do nothing but call for their morning correspondence.

E. S. C. (P.O., Cowes) kindly informs us that "the correct spelling of the capital of Montenegro is Cettinje or Cellingné." This is what we should expect from a postal official.

"Anglo-Saxon" calls Jim Crow a "souless (*sic.*) old cynic, and says he evidently knows nothing about cats' homes; he cannot have come upon this earth naturally—"something dropped from a bag must have been the advent of Crow. However, I wish him luck, long life and prosperity. He is so delightfully original that he would be much missed. He puts in cold print what the strongest of us hardly dare to think. He is an artist, though he paints with mud. I much desire his photo. and his personal acquaintance." Crow is flattered, but requires preliminary assurances about the condition of our correspondent's cellar.

C. L. (Homerton).—Of course, it is annoying not to be able to buy a postal order on Sunday. But there are labour as well as Sabbatarian questions to be considered.

"Plamont" thinks railway companies ought to be compelled to provide lavatories on trains for long distance runs. He says the L. & S.W.R. is a grievous offender.

S. F. (Kilburn) says: "The great question is, Is it legal that party funds should be used to influence elections?" We must hope for another Osborne judgment.

"Ferns" says: "Since writing you, the person has returned me my money. I expect they *smelt* you." No wonder they disgorged!

J. A. R. (Middlesbrough) congratulates us on our masterly silence *re* Crippen. He must wait and see.

Col. A. M. (London) was struck on the eyebrow by a chip of stone in the street, and says he might have lost his eye, which would have cost the ratepayers a pretty penny. We shall soon have to wear goggles when we take walks in London.

A. B. (Chelsea) sends us a variation of the Spanish prisoner trick. It was time they tried something new.

W. S. (Spennymoor).—Do not subscribe to "The Orphanage," of Twickenham Park.

"Brighton Resident" says disgusting things happen along the Madeira Road and Terraces after dark; he also complains that vehicles go about without lights. The sea air, we suppose.

C. C. (Highbury) can't get paid by Bayliss Brothers (Turf Accountants, Westcliff-on-Sea), and says they are still sending out cards.

A. W. (Nelson).—We don't think the Christian Reform Publishing Co. (41, West Street, Bedminster, Bristol) is likely to "transform the world," or to pay you a "certain £3 weekly" if you spend 16½d. on three copies of a pamphlet.

R. L. K. (Chippenham) asks: "Why employ women typists?" Why not? If wrong is going to be presumed whenever women are long in the society of men, there will be little room for female employment of any kind. You must consult *Mrs. Bull.*

C. S. (Fulham).—We have nothing to do with the "John Bull records" of the English Record Co. (44, Bedford Row).

The General Secretary of the National Union of Clerks (110, Cheapside) says there is no need for a separate Union for solicitors' clerks.

"Eliza" writes: "Please don't fall into the mistaken idea that I am clever. I do assure you that I'm one of the silliest little things on earth, but I'm oh! so grateful for my Reasoning Powers, and for having been brought into contact with Divine Channel of Blessings." We suppose this means that she is a prospective reader of *Mrs. Bull.*

R. H. (Liverpool) says our Art Critic would like the bottle in Hunt's "Light of the World" to be replaced by a copy of John Bull, "and the background certainly ought to have been the Stadium with a farcical wrestling match in progress. . . . I could name the very picture that would receive his capable criticism: Frith's 'Derby Day,' with Forerunner II. winning the race." But when Frith died, our Art Critic had a go at that very picture.

"Russia" (Leeds) wants to know what happens to half-crowns subscribed to a society called "The Islanders." Chucked into the deep blue sea, we suppose.

F. J. P. (Harrow Road).—We are not sure that we are sorry if Englishmen make bad waiters. Foreigners should be trained to do all our menial work!

"Anon." (Birmingham), apropos of our recent references to "Norman & Co.," of that city, states that that concern is run by *Henry* May, who a month ago was living at Erdington, but who moves about a good deal. He is a brother of C. H. May, who, quite correctly, disclaimed connection with the business.

"Sergeant" (6th Essex) wants us to ask Colonel Ward what became of the 2d. a day barrack allowance at the 1909 camp? what became of the £23 16s. 4d. left over from messing at 1908 camp; when the prize money for the rifle club is to be received, and when the balance-sheets are to be published? We beg to address these questions to our gallant friend.

B. J. B. (Chatham), A. R. (Dorset Square), and many others.—We suppose the late Mr. Arthington was entitled to leave his money as he liked, but we think we could have made better use of it.

Peek, Frean and their Employees.—Many readers confirm the complaint which was recently published in regard to this firm's sick club. What say the firm?

"A Reader of John Bull" (Hull) enquires about the Hospital Saturday Fund, and wants to know "how many of the pennies ungrudgingly given by the man in the street are devoted to the relief of sufferers in hospitals, and how many towards laboratories where untold fiendish cruelty is inflicted on defenceless animals in the name of scientific research?"

"Regular."—We should not address a bank as "Messrs." But always address the manager as "Esq." when you want to overdraw. Also send him a turkey at Christmas.

(Continued on page 618.

Horlick's Malted Milk Cocoa.

Special Free Sample Offer to Readers.

For Growing Children, Dyspeptics, Brain Workers, Aged People and Invalids.

Upon receipt of letter or postcard, the Manufacturers of Horlick's Malted Milk Cocoa, Victoria Works, Watford, Herts, will be pleased to forward a Sample of this ideal Family Food Beverage, so that all readers of this publication can fully test its merits. Sold by all chemists and stores in 6d., 9d., and 1/6 tins.

Riley's Billiard Tables.

Made in sizes to fit any room, yet so scientifically designed and built that, no matter what the size, the game played on each table is the correct full-size table game. You can have a seven days' free trial at our expense. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables to fit on your own dining table from £3 7/6. The 6ft. 4in. size, £5/5/0, is suitable for most rooms. RILEY'S Combined Billiard and Dining Tables from £13/10/0 to £24/10/0. Prices include all accessories, carriage paid to nearest railway station. *Cash or easy payments.*

Free on receipt of post-card, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Crown Billiard Works, Accrington.

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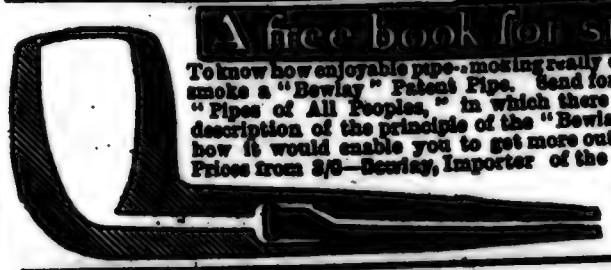
BEDSTEADS.

Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood of every description. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, Chair Beds, &c., &c. Furniture—Bedroom and General. All Goods Sent Direct from Factory to Home—saving middle profits. Full Price Lists Post Free. Estab. 1889.

CHARLES RILEY, Desk B, Moor St., Birmingham.

Please mention "JOHN BULL" when writing for lists.



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(Est. 130 Years.)

BULBS

Price list of Bulbs now ready. Cheap and good.

Apply:—CHARLES LEWIN CURTIS. (88) Chatteris, Cambs.

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After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women or Children that Cures Rupture.

I Send It On Trial.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

The above is C. E. Brooks, who has been Curing Rupture for over 30 years. If Ruptured, write to him to-day.

I make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen my illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as my thousands of patients whose letters are on file in my office. Fill out free coupon below and post to-day.

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C. E. Brooks, 101, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.
Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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Write for Lotus new catalogue.

Lotus is entirely a British enterprise, organised to give purchasers a first-class fit in thoroughly reliable boots and shoes. Lotus are supplied by more than 560 agents in London and the Provinces, all in direct touch with the factories. 21 Lotus styles for men and 33 for women. Write for Autumn catalogue and address of local agent. Address: LOTUS, STAFFORD.

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Once fitted, always fitted

TROUSERS WILL GET OUT OF SHAPE

BUT OUR

"VARSITY"
COMBINED PRESS and STRETCHER
WILL PUT THEM
RIGHT IN THE NIGHT.

Price complete 18/-, or without stretcher 14/6.
As supplied to Prince Christopher of Greece.
OTHER QUALITIES FROM 5/- EACH.

May we send you our list "B11," giving full particulars of these and other novelties, and address of local agent?

If we have no Agent in your district, we will supply direct and pay carriage in U.K.

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Nature's own inimitable remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Disordered Digestion. Just as Nature creates it and intends it should be taken—it cures

CONSTIPATION

in a natural, easy, certain way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a bottle—and drink half a tumbler on arising.

The Famous NATURAL Aperient Water

USE "NUGGET"
POLISHES BLACK and BROWN
"DOUBLE the LIFE of your BOOTS"

Cabins, Ltd.—Referring to the Secretary's reply to our recent par, we are now informed that all the girls employed at the Moorgate Street Cabin were recently called in by the manageress and requested to sign a form denying the truth of our charges—and that *not one of them could be induced to do so.* This does not look nice.

A. C. (Dulwich).—Oh! for a Business Sub-Editor!

E. C. (Manchester) says the Leicester Printing and Publishing Co. (Duke Street, Leicester) sent a canvasser to his mother, who gave no order. They now send what purports to be a copy of a signed contract, and insist on payment. Let them go to law.

J. F. D. (Goole) is an employer of hundreds of the poorest during the fruit and pea-picking season in Essex, and was surprised to find so many of them endorsing our articles and cursing the Salvation Army. Why surprised?

"No Luck" (Wellington) backed the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap with William Farrar, of Amsterdam, and received a bill dated June 9 for the amount and 5 per cent. interest. He sent it when matured, but his letter came back marked "Gone away." Now he wants us to trace the man. But what good would that be to anybody?

H. R. (Driffield) says he cannot obtain payment from a bookmaker named George Dawson (Queen's Chambers, Kidderminster). We must hear the other side.

T. K. (Battersea) says Bow & Co. (King's Road, Leicester) advertise cheap skirts and blouses, and promise "money returned if not satisfied." His wife was far from satisfied and sent the things back, but only received a post-card saying "Goods supplied value for cash. Please take same to magistrate and get him to value." What a busy time magistrates would have if Bow & Co. had their way. Do they control Bow Street?

G. F. W. (West Kensington) asks if *Mrs. Bull* expects any little bulls. She will certainly be no shirker.

"Been Had" (Manchester) says Arthur Gibb's *Racing Post* advertises winning wires, which the man never sent out.

Miss M. W.-O. (Highampton) wants to know if anyone ever received constant employment from the Imperial Art Supply. We *don't* think.

E. S. D. (Ely Place) complains of Richmond & Co.'s (Bradford) "simulation gold" brooch and watch, but most of us do not expect much of a watch for a shilling, especially when a brooch is thrown in.

J. M. E. (Liverpool).—Surely you are in as good a position as ourselves to judge of the character of our attacks upon the Salvation Army, and the accuracy of the charge that we are an Atheistic organ.

"Free Trader" (Stroud Green) asks us whether Harmsworths have secured an exemption in respect of certain taxes in connection with their Newfoundland project. Hadn't he better address the question to that firm?

G. J. (Evesham).—The Tryphena Mission is no good, but we wonder no one has called for your collecting-box.

J. B. (Brixton Hill) wants us to poison Jim Crow for criticising Canadians. But a colonel may be a patriot and yet not know how to ride.

O. T. (Beckenham), defending Genesis, says: "Must a statement necessarily be scientific in order to be true?" Yes, in the proper signification of the word scientific. Scientists are often ignorant, but science is an absolute verity. However, the matter is not worth getting 'OT about.

C. W. S. (Wimbledon) says Crow's article on officers is "a perfect triumph of putrid and revolting rubbish, and *a most* (*sic*) offensive libel on a hard-working and ill-paid body of men." He calls Crow a "lying maniac," and then adds, somewhat unnecessarily, "this is not intended for a polite letter." Jim tenders 2d. extra.

A. K. (Bristol) wants us to start a "safety kilt for trawlers in the air."

"Brick Duffy."—The John Bull League welcomes all. So why want to start a separate organisation for working men?

C. L. S. B. C. (Wimbledon Park) says she will certainly apply to us when she wants a husband. But we already have our hands full with *Mrs. Bull.*

J. A. (Bridlington) writes: "If any farmer is half-ruined this year, it is because he is either incompetent or lazy." But he may have bought rubber shares.

"Karl" (Birmingham) writes:

"I've studied for quite half an hour
Horatio and his Sub.,
Now I wonder if those grounds belong
To an Asylum or a Pub."

But why this change of pen-name and disguise of penmanship?

W. T. (Streatham Hill) complains of the National Bible Supply, which entraps servant girls.

G. B. C. (Rothesay) scolds us for writing England "instead of Britian." We will spell it Struddlewug next time for a change.

"Englishman" (Bristol) objects to boxing being called an old *British* pastime. He says "it is common knowledge that Scotchmen do not possess the guts for the noble art. I am getting a little tired of seeing the words British and Britain where English and England should be used." Talk of the horns of a dilemma!

J. C. (Manchester) writes: "Have you got another girl at home like Mary Meadows? If so, tell her to drop silently off the earth. Tell Mary also to drop down the cellar steps so that she will experience a difficulty in breathing. This Suffragette, who cannot distinguish between a modern man and a modern fop! Is she married to one of the staff?" Not yet.

R. F. (Liverpool) enquires about Simpson & Stewart (6 & 8, Cheapside). A young lady answered an advertisement for "a lady clerk to interview gentlemen," and "she thought it rather suspicious because they offered to engage her right away and she is totally inexperienced, whereas there were other ladies much older and well experienced." But if she happens to be good-looking, she may be more successful in interviewing gentlemen than if she were "much older."

B. S., Jun. (Forest Gate) has waked up again, and wants "to protest, in the strongest possible manner, against the annexation of Korea by Japan." Too late.

G. W. (London, S.E.) says Old Moore prophesied tropical weather for August. He may have been right about the tropics.

"One Who Likes Fair Play" complains of rudeness and overcrowding in the gallery of the Lyceum Theatre.

C. B. (Hove).—Mary Meadows has never been to Brighton, so she can scarcely have had your local celebrity in her eye. However, she takes your protest as a compliment to the accuracy of her typography. She can't help it if the man does keep a dog.

E. J. V. (Brighton).—We have no sympathy with competitors in male beauty shows. Why do you think you are better-looking than the victorious septuagenarian?

The Hackney Furnishing Co.—We have received a very large number of letters in reference to the proceedings at a recent inquest on the body of a woman who was stated to have been the victim of harsh treatment at the hands of this company. We find on enquiry, however, that the facts, as originally reported, were seriously mis-stated, and shall refer correspondents to the full explanation given by Mr. A. M. Stewart, the managing director of the company, in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* of October 5th.

R. A. S. (Portsmouth) sends a cryptic communication, which seems to defend photograph-faking for the Press.

L. T. S. (Cambridge).—We have not had to kick our printer for some time, but his howler about Jacob and Joseph has exasperated all the lost tribes of the house of Crow.

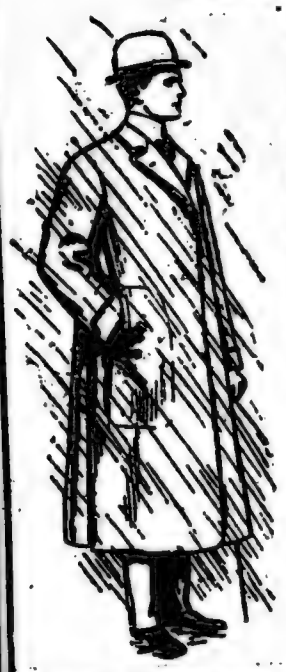
D. S. (Acton) is satisfied with the Motor Drivers' Union (Victoria Street), but is now only at the tuition stage.

G. N. (Woodford) and others complain of Watney & Co. (48, Cranbourn Street, W.), who "snatch fees" for transacting mortgage business." Do they?

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies, but we hope during the next few weeks to work off many arrears.

Sweetest, brightest best of creatures,
How you'll love our Mary's "Features."

KEEP DRY
in an
"OMNE TEMPUS"
THE REAL RAINCOAT.
The only Rubberless Raincoat with a Guarantee.



"If your 'Omne Tempus' fails to keep out the rain, we will take it back."

This guarantee appears on a label hanging from every "Omne Tempus" coat; in this respect "Omne Tempus" is unique. Moreover, it is not a cold and clammy linen-like fabric, but a comfortable close-woven tweed suitable for present weather — to all appearances an ordinary coating.

If you cannot call and see "Omne Tempus" ranges, we shou'd like to send you patterns and a copy of our book "*Something New under the Rain*"; also a selection of coats if desired.

Ready for wear 45/- or to measure.

Solely obtainable from
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Ltd.
65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., or their Country Agents.
(List on request.) Established 80 years.
Ladies' Omne Tempus, 42/-; Boys' or Girls' from 26/6.

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Why use harsh purgatives? They are brutal—harsh—unnecessary
Try
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, and Indigestion, as millions know.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

GENUINE must bear signature.

Brent Good

WHY BUY A NEW DRESS?
When your old one can be renovated and made as good as new by using a little
SECCOTINE
which is wonderfully effective in restoring Lace, Muslins, Silks, Woollens, etc.
Sold everywhere in patent pin-stopper tubes, 3d. & 6d. each.

Recipe Book and Free Sample from:
M'CAW, STEVENSON & ORR, Ltd., Belfast,
and at 31 & 32, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

A talk on Ready-to-wear CLOTHES.

It is an old idea that ready to wear Clothes make a man look like a scarecrow. Times have changed. Ready to wear clothing cut on scientific lines, as *we* cut it, can be made to fit the figure perfectly. We will prove it to you. We will supply you with an "Indomitable" Suit in **Serge** or **Tweed** for 38/-, a suit, mind you, that will stand hard wear—Two years of it. If the suit fails to suit, we will send you another one—or refund your money. Isn't that fair?

We have 18 different fittings. You can have any style, and we will charge no extras. Send to-day for catalogue and patterns of the

"INDOMITABLE" SUIT

Isaac Walton & Co Ltd

97-101, Newington Causeway, S.E. (2 minutes' walk from Elephant and Castle), **1, 2, 5 7 and 9, Ludgate Hill, E.C.** (quite close to St. Paul's). **518-522 Brixton Road, S.W.** (corner of Acre Lane). **442-446, Holloway Road, N.** (4 doors from Nag's Head).
Also at York and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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THE PILL WITH A RECORD.

4/6 Box for 2/6.

"A Combination of Costly Tonics and Nerve Foods ensuring wonderful strength and endurance."

A Scientific Cure for **Neurasthenia, Mental Exhaustion, Brain Fag, Weak Heart, Want of Nerve and Confidence, Harassing Dreams, Loss of Memory, Backache, Dyspepsia, General Weakness,** and most disorders due to a deficiency of the Vital Forces.

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DR. KIRBY, says: "Impossible to conceive anything more perfectly adapted for the cure of Loss of Nerve Power than Zedex."

SEND POST CARD FOR FREE SAMPLE

DR. GORDON STABLES, M.D.—"A nerve tonic-food of the highest nutritive an digestive value. A perfect food for building up the Nervous System."

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ZEDEX arouses all the dormant energies, develops muscular or nerve life, feeds weak muscles with rich strength-producing blood, whilst it increases the nourishing power of your food—Advice free.

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Really Enjoyable Skating is possible only for those who use the best skates—**BRAMPTON'S.** These famous, British-made skates are the strongest, most reliable, most durable, and easiest running skates in the world—they *always* give satisfaction.

BRAMPTON ROLLER SKATES.

Adjustable model, steel or boxwood wheels, per pair 15/-. (*Also supplied with aluminium wheels.*)

All cycle and sporting goods dealers sell the 'Brampton.' FREE Send postcard to day for 'The Art of Roller Skating' to Dept. J.B.,
BROWN BROS., Ltd.,
Great Eastern Street, E.C.
or to the manufacturers,
BRAMPTON BROS., Ltd.,
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Exclusive Advice and Information.

When to Buy. When to Sell.

What to Buy. What to Sell.

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WEEKLY NEWS LETTER

NEVER MISS OPPORTUNITIES.

SPECIMEN COPY POST FREE,

To RICHARDS, JAY & CO., Ltd.,
Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free a specimen copy of the "Weekly News Letter."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B., 15/10/10 .....

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE TRIAL OF TREATMENT

STUART'S PLASTER-PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial Treatment absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TO-DAY. Address—**STUART PLASTER-PAD CO.** (Dept. P), 86-87, SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Name.....

Address.....

Old False Teeth Bought. Send any you have to sell; utmost value given by largest firm.—R. D. & J. B. Fraser, Ltd. (Desk 4b), Princes Street, Ipswich. (Established 1833).

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

(" *Larry Lynx* " *of* The People, " *Double U. L.* " *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* " *Maggie* " *of* The Globe.)

No Criterion.

The actual public auction prices of horse, especially when they are bought in, does not indicate anything like their true value. In almost every case, the second is "squared" in addition.

An Old Wheeze.

There should always be an overnight selling race closing at the very last moment, for in it will undoubtedly be put many an animal who would not otherwise have been entered. This is particularly so when owners and trainers are at a meeting where they probably meet with defeat with other candidates, and therefore turn round to find a race to put one of their better horses in as a retriever.

Various.

Frank Wootton invariably rides his best race over a long course.

Chieveley never runs anywhere else as well as he does at Brighton or Epsom.

There have been a large number of accounts missing these last few weeks, both among bookmakers and backers.

How noticeable it is that very few stewards win races at meetings at which they officiate.

In sprint handicaps, three times out of four, the winner is the horse which happens to "hit the ground first"!

How noticeable it is that horses often win the next time out, after they have failed as hot s.p. "jobs."

The worst of owning racehorses, an owner wittily put it, was that "they eat during the night," meaning that the expenses are for ever mounting up day and night.

At Alexandra Park one does not see very much of the racing, for the horses—even in mile events—go out of sight almost immediately after the start, and when they re-appear at the final bend, the race is usually over.

It is very much cheaper to buy a sound two-year-old, of which so many are now being sold cheaply, than an expensive Doncaster yearling, who may never even get as far as being able to be saddled for a race.

Prophetic.

With the Cesarewitch over, Newmarket tempts but little, but we must not miss

Calleon,

should he contest the Heath Plate to-day (Thursday), although he is more likely to wait for Saturday's Pheasant Handicap at Lingfield, which, in his absence, might fall to Haurdina. Seaforth is undoubtedly the best two-year-old, and should win the Middle Park Plate, while I am as ever hopeful of the success in their minor engagements of Plover and Baron Popoff at Lingfield.

Larry Lynx is giving Winners
MRS. BULL will give good Dinners.

PEOPLE ENTITLED TO MONEY UNDER WILLS, SETTLEMENTS, CHANCERY, ETC.

How to raise money on every description of interest under wills or settlements, however contingent or remote, without recourse to moneylenders.

CALL OR WRITE FOR EXPLANATORY BOOKLET.

THE ESTATES, LIFE INTEREST, & REVERSIONARY AGENCY,
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(Entrance, Beak Street.)
Telephone 5952 Gerrard.

A SAFE FIRM TO BET WITH.

DOUGLAS & SMITH, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

A penny postcard (mentioning John Bull) will ensure our coupons being sent you.

Fairest terms offered by any genuine firm of Football Accountants with prompt payments guaranteed.

Long and Short Lists. Free Postage.

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MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.
The Originator of Mid-week Betting.

I also accept Betting on Racing on to Football or Vice Versa.
Every Match in all Leagues to choose from, including Scotch Matches.

SEND TO-DAY POSTCARD (1d. Stamp) FOR TERMS.
All amounts won are paid in open postal orders. **FREE POSTAGE.**

HARRY APPLETON,

FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Officially Recognised By the Dutch Government.

THE KING OF ALL FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANTS.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH LEAGUES TO SELECT FROM.

Send 1d. Post Card for best terms on market.

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS PAYS

The Largest & Straightest Firm in the World.

(FREE POSTAGE.)

"JOHN BULL," May 14th, 1910, says:—
"Mr. Bert Fry is a member of Tattersall's and all the principal London Clubs, and his *bona fides* is beyond suspicion."

Intelligent punters are not spoofed by frothy advertisements—they need proved facts like the above.

Why not be absolutely certain of receiving when you win and send a 1d. Postcard to

BERT FRY of FLUSHING, HOLLAND,

for full particulars of his up-to-date and unique offers relating to

FOOTBALL and RACING

RUFUS WEBB

TOTALISATOR,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

Just a few Recent Prices paid by RUFUS WEBB'S "TOTE": Kinora 11/2, Papavero 9/4, Cocleck 15/2, Wyke 7/2, Growler 13/4, Lowlander 18/1, Columbus 27/2, Lester Jim 11/8, Albina 18/1, Petschau 17/2.

Highest Sporting and Bankers' References

WRITE TO-DAY for Rules 1d. Postcard will do.

Send a deposit to-day—Large or Small, it doesn't matter. But DO IT TO-DAY, it will pay you.

"JOHN BULL" says in Answer to Correspondent: "Rufus Webb Totalisator Co., Middelburg, Holland. (A. F., Highbury).—Our enquiries re above were highly satisfactory, otherwise the advertisement would not have appeared in our columns. If you win, your money is safe—in many cases considerably over official S.P. prices have been paid." Rufus Webb results are published daily in *The Sportsman, Manchester Sporting Chronicle, Sheffield Daily Telegraph, Leeds Mercury and principal provincial Newspapers.*

FRANK WOOTTON Rides. FRANK WOOTTON Rides.
THE RACING STUD are BIG RACE EXPERTS.
Praised by Larry Lynx of the "People," "John Bull," "Sporting Life," &c.
Latest "Big" Race Success:
ADMIRAL TOGO, Newbury Cup, following BRONZINO 20/1, St. Leger.
Our promised "double"—MATCHLOCK 6-1 and GALLUS. Both Won.
Cheque for a denial.
Post 7/6 for the GREAT GAINSBOROUGH SENSATION, and a Gigantic £100 "Double" for Wednesday, sent under sealed letter. F. Wootton rides both.
Or 12/6 pays for all BIG EVENTS till end of Season.
87, High Road, Turnham Green, London.

ALLEN'S DAILY SYSTEM WIRES.

(Copyright method. Entered at Stationers' Hall.)

GENTLEMEN,—If you desire to make a regular income at racing, either "On the Flat" or "Over the Sticks," you must not fail to follow my Daily System Wires.

It is not necessary to be a Millionaire, for you can start with a capital of £3 if you choose, although the larger the capital, the larger your income will be.

My clients do not follow me for one week only, but continue to follow me WEEK AFTER WEEK, MONTH AFTER MONTH, and YEAR AFTER YEAR, which is a sure sign that they are making money by following my advice.

I can honestly assure you that you cannot fail to make racing pay if you follow my Daily System Wires; you are practically certain of

A REGULAR INCOME

each season providing you follow my instructions, and if I fail

I WILL RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL

without making any deductions whatever for telegraphic expenses; surely this is convincing proof that I can do all I claim.

I cannot say all I should like to here, therefore to gain full particulars I want you to write your name and address, and the words "John Bull" on a post-card, and send it to me immediately, when I will send you in PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE my 28 page copyright descriptive booklet containing all details.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING

so sit down and write now to

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Telephone 15227 Central. Telegram "Reglincom, London."

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DO YOUR BUSINESS WITH THE WORLD'S PREMIER FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANTS . .

WHITE FISHER & CO.,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

(The Originators of the Long Card System.)

PICK WHERE YOU LIKE.

Over 55,000 Winning Coupons paid during last Season.

We have been Established 14 Years.

All new Clients should apply early for Rules, Lists, &c.

Bankers: BARCLAY & CO., WIBAUTS & CO. (Flushing).

The MIRROR OF LIFE, January 1st, says:

"They are generally known to be the biggest firm of Football Accountants in Holland, having gained the confidence of their clients by prompt payments and straightforward business methods.

CHARING CROSS BANK

(Established 1870.)

28, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and 39, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.

Assets, £1,667,948. Liabilities, £1,236,871. Surplus, £371,078.

LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold.

Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—

Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " 6 " "
" 12 " " 7 " "

NOTICE MAY BE GIVEN AT TIME OF DEPOSITING.

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

Owing to the nature of our Investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding, insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 40 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

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Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—

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(TEMPORARY OR PERMANENT)

VERY MODERATE PREMIUMS

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JAMES H. SCOTT, *General Manager.*

The Gresham Life Assurance Society, Limited.

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Double and Treble Events. No Commission whatever on Market, Starting or Accumulatives at Starting Price.

Our "TERMS AND RULES," containing Telegraphic Codes, etc., also "The Continental Sportsman," FREE on receipt of Post Card containing applicant's address.

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POSTAGE 2½d. POST CARDS 1d.

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Send 1d. postcard for the most liberal Football price list issued. Absolutely every match in the Leagues to pick from. FREE POSTAGE.

£10 Free offer open to all clients.

Remember that the name

H. Hamilton & Co.,

FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

on a Football coupon signifies the same as the Hall Mark on a gold ring. It tells you that they are genuine.

Gentlemen interested in SYSTEMS SHOULD WRITE TO

MR. A. H. WESTWOOD,

Middelburg, Holland,

STATING THEIR REQUIREMENTS.

He makes a speciality of this class of business, and

NO COMMISSION IS CHARGED.

NO LIMIT. Books open on the Duke of York Stakes, Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire, Liverpool Autumn Cup, Derby Cup and Manchester November Handicap.

FULL MARKET PRICES AND NO DEDUCTIONS WHATEVER.

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Full particulars sent by return of post.

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OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR 50 HELPERS AT 2 GUINEAS APIECE

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of August 13th, 27th, and September 3rd:—

H. MARSLAND, 41, Offord Road, Islington, N.—No. 210,113. August 27th.

JAMES PEARSON, 14, Dorothy Street, Felling-on-Tyne.—No. 233,399. August 13th.

J. THATCHER, 102, St. Ann's Road, Notting Hill, W.—No. 230,032. August 27th.

A. PATTON, 42, Aberdour Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow.—No 110,375. September 3rd.

E. HARRINGTON, 13, Eastbourne Road, Brentford.—No. 421,953. September 3rd.

J. M. MORLEY, Old Green Dragon Hotel, Oxton, Notts.—No. 7,614. September 3rd.

F. J. SHORT, Master Gunner R.G.A., Fort Picklecombe, Cawsand, Plymouth.—No. 131,568. September 3rd.

H. BARRETT, Ivy Cottage, Invershire, Sutherlandshire.—No. 14,394. September 3rd.

HERBERT F. WILKS, 47, Schubert Road, East Putney, S.W.—No. 148,023. September 3rd.

A. BROOKS, 281, Commercial Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.—No. 161,503. September 3rd.

F. CHANDLER, "White Swan," Bride Street, Liverpool Road, Barnsbury.—No. 47,993. September 3rd.

A. H. SANDERSON, 4, Belmont Grove, Clarendon Road, Leeds.—No. 251,760. September 3rd.

H. W. DYER, 33, Corporation Road, Newport, Mon.—No. 220,491. September 3rd.

H. J. W. FLACK, 114, Farleigh Road, Stoke Newington, N.—No. 238,103. September 3rd.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Garrison Chambers, Falkirk.—No. 4,355. September 3rd.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 17th:—

2118	95703	203415	274805	447031
4871	104350	208249	280231	462045
5053	115817	221618	302919	470046
12098	137872	222474	321714	494504
19820	152366	232986	339043	515879
40917	167914	233978	356283	533482
56205	178894	246535	380442	553272
77015	184494	250244	388148	580231
87485	187842	257787	407321	587125
94287	200677	258779	424043	596882

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 12TH (PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 10TH).

"Hello, my old sport! Why so glum? Found a loser?"

"No. A dear old pal o' mine wanted to do some 'READY' business, and I put him on to a firm on the Continent. I didn't know anything of them personally—only seen their advertisements—but, by jove, I'm afraid I've lost my friend through it; he says he found a winner, but what with this restriction and that limit, and the other way of reducing the winnings, he might as well have had a loser."

"Well, I thought I had taught you better than that by now. Don't you know that DUGGIE has opened a special office at Flushing for the benefit of the sporting million, and that the same wonderful terms can now be had for DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS at Flushing as his swagger clients have had in London for CREDIT ACCOUNTS? Take my advice and get your pals to write to DUGGIE, Flushing, and they will all smile!"

DOUGLAS STUART,

OF 102-104, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.,

TO WHICH ADDRESS THOSE DESIRING TO OPEN A

Credit Account only

PLEASE WRITE STATING YOUR REQUIREMENTS FULLY.

AND AT

Flushing, Holland,

FOR

Deposit Accounts.

SYSTEM SPECIALIST WITHOUT COMMISSION.
NO LIMIT combined with **PLACE COMMISSIONS** when Favourite starts "**ODDS ON.**"
Market Price as ruling at time of posting commission **GUARANTEED.**
NO CIRCULAR stating "Price Unobtainable" ever sent out by this firm.

Send a deposit for ANY AMOUNT, and secure these wonderful terms.

Business Next Week at all Meetings under Jockey Club and National Hunt Rules.

DOUGLAS STUART,

102, 104, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.,
and FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd.) by Odhams, Limited, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Publishing Offices, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Applications for Advertisement Space in "JOHN BULL" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 67, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595